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THE TAMING OF THE BEAR

THE STRANGE PASSENGER ON THE ENGINE

BY

HERBERT E. HAMBLEN.

IT WAS hot, blistering, blazing, murderously hot, and I was in my very ugliest humor. When I stepped up in the tender, after oiling, there sat a woman on the fireman's seat.

Strange how some women are always poking into places where they have no business. Where in thunder did she come from, I wondered. I was obliged to acknowledge that she was fair to look upon, but in my present mood I didn't want her there.

On the railroad we become accustomed to the chronometerlike regularity of our work, and dislike to have it disturbed.

The slightest change,—be it ever so trivial,—in the monotonous repetition of our daily routine, irritates, and throws us out of balance for the entire trip.

On the last trip a set-screw had dropped out of the go-ahead eccentric on the left side. I reported it, and when I asked Saunders,—the round-house foreman,—why he hadn't put one in, he answered, very cavalierly, that there was no need of it; one would hold as good as a dozen, if the eccentric was keyed on, anyhow, and besides, he had no time. He added superciliously:

"If you fellers would get under your engines once in a while with a wrench, you wouldn't be droppin' nuts and bolts and set-screws all over the road."

That was the rasp I got for a starter. Then my fireman failed to show up, and Saunders sent me the one extra man that he knew I particularly disliked to have work for me.

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He was a great, gawky, ignorant, red-headed know-it-all, who satisfied himself, before he had been three months at the business, that he was the smartest man on the road. He would contradict and argue with anybody, from the master-mechanic down,—or up, either.

When told to do a thing, he never failed to offer a suggestion as to how it should be done, and would enter into a long explanation as to why his way was superior to yours. When you got mad, and peremptorily ordered him to do as he was told, he would reply, with a deprecatory smirk, as of one who submitted under protest:

"Oh, of course, if you say so, I'll do it your way; you're the boss."

I had crawled under her and replaced the set-screw myself. I was dirty, drenched with perspiration, and thoroughly exasperated with myself, Saunders, the fireman, and everybody else. And now, here was that woman, looking as calm and as sweetly content as though life were one long summer holiday, as no doubt it was in her case. Where was the fireman? No doubt he had invited her to ride; his assurance was equal to it. But I'd soon get rid of her!

"I'm going to ride with you, Engineer," said she, with a pleasant smile.

"You'll have to get a pass to ride on the engine," I replied, wiping the oil-can industriously in order to avoid meeting the gaze of those all-conquering eyes of hers.

"I have a pass," she answered quietly.

"Let me see it, please," I said.

She handed me the bit of cardboard, which I wilfully disfigured with greasy finger-marks as I read to my discomfiture an order to conductors and engineers to allow the bearer to ride on all trains and engines,—signed by the General Manager.

"Is that all right?" she asked, in, I thought, a rather flippant tone.

"Yes," said I; "you can ride."

The fireman returned with a piece of ice. He looked surprised; he blushed and bowed. She returned his salute with well-bred ease. They were strangers; I was conscious of a feeling of relief. He fixed up the cooler, and offered her a drink with the air of a Chevalier Bayard (who would have dreamed of him as a lady-killer!).

She drank from our battered and rusty tin cup as though it had been a silver flagon. He struck up a conversation with her at once. Though disdaining to listen, I overheard enough to learn that he was dilating on his own importance and the perils to which his calling subjected him. She was taking it all in and tickling his self-conceit with exclamations of surprise and admiration.

It was disgusting! They were giggling and snickering, and enjoying themselves over there exactly like a couple of fools.

"You'd better hook up your fire," said I.

"Oh, that's all right, Joe," he replied, with a nonchalant gesture; "my fire is well coked; I can hook it up after you pull out."

"Never mind about me pullin' out; hook up your fire now, an' put on the blower an' let 'er warm up a bit; I want some steam."

"All right, Joe, jess as you say," he replied with an air of condescension that made me feel like wringing his neck. But instead of going at it, he commenced to explain to the passenger what he was going to do.

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She seemed greatly interested. Before he got throught he conductor gave me a signal. I yanked the bell rope, and slipped her so that his fire was pretty well hooked up before he could get the door open. For the next half hour I kept him so busy baling coal into her that he didn't have much time to talk to anybody. About as fast as he threw it into the firebox I threw it out the stack.

He adjusted the front window so she could get air without being blown off the seat, or burned up by the shower of hot cinders pouring from the stack. She thanked him so graciously that I hated him even worse than ever.

Every time the steam went down a pound I growled at him, but his good nature,—like hers,—was invincible. Whenever I ventured to steal a glance across the cab I found her looking straight at me, which was disconcerting. I tried to scare her by wheeling furiously over tough places and down steep grades, but she didn't appear to notice it.

About every so often, on a railroad, petty grievances accumulate, until the hot heads demand that a committee be sent to headquarters, and commence to talk strike. We were passing through one of these spells, and

I WOKE UP ON THE BAGGAGE-CAR FLOOR AND LOOKED INTO THE HAZEL EYES OF MY PASSENGER

I was chairman of the committee. We had already called on the General Manager twice, and were to go again in a day or two. Things were approaching a fever heat on the road, and, as I rode along with my head out of the window, my mind was about equally occupied with thoughts pertaining to the committee business and wondering who my passenger was.

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Suddenly, like a ray of sunlight breaking through a dark cloud, the whole thing became clear to me. She was the company's spy, and she was pumping that fool fireman to her heart's content.

When I got down to oil at the waterplug, I told him to bring me the tallow-pot. I got him round in front of the engine, told him my suspicions, and advised him to keep a watch on that tongue of his. He waved my suspicions aside, in his usual airy manner, and hinted that I was jealous.

She seemed greatly interested

When I got back on the engine she was sitting on the box on my side. "Have you any objection to my riding on this side a little way? I am curious to see how you make it go," she asked, in a pretty, coaxing way.

"No," I replied, with forced ungraciousness, "you have a right to ride wherever you please."

I knew I was acting like a bear, and was ashamed of it. I asked her awkwardly to excuse my back, and was not pleased by the profusion of her assurances that she didn't mind. I wished I had a clean suit of overclothes on. I was conscious of a great, black streak of grease on my back, where I had rubbed against an eccentric strap when I was under the engine. I hadn't been shaved in three days, and I had caught one of those hot cinders I had been throwing so plentifully out of the stack in my right eye, inflaming it until I knew it loomed up like a tail-light in a tunnel.

And the fireman was one of those unaccountable fellows to whom dirt never sticks.

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I usually passed the way-freight in the siding at Dalton. But this trip I got a clearance on her there. A "clearance" order tells the engineer at what time the preceding train left the station from which the clearance is issued, and also notifies him that she has not yet passed out of the block on which he is about to enter.

When I got the order she had been gone long enough to be clear,—she probably would be clear now at any minute,—but I was only supposed to know that she was still in the block. She might, of course, be anywhere in the block, ditched, or broken down.

Here was another source of irritation. I had got to look out for her, for if I hit her,—after getting a clearance,—my name would most emphatically be "Dennis."

She and the fireman had commenced again right where they left off. In pretended solicitude for her comfort, I ill-naturedly closed my front window tight, and roasted her out. I kept my head doggedly out of the window, and pretended not to know when the fireman assisted her back to his side, where she could ride in comfort.

When I came in sight of Knowlton siding the way-freight's flagman signaled me to come ahead. She had gone in there to let me by. There was but one short side-track at Knowlton, which could be entered by a switch at either end. As there were some cars in the near end, the way-freight ran ahead and backed in, pushing the other cars back far enough to get in clear herself. I noticed that the car at my end of the switch was loaded with lumber. I pulled my head in, and tried the gauge-cocks.

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I remember hearing a crash, and a snapping of breaking wood, and then I woke on the baggage-car floor, and looked up into the hazel eyes of my passenger. There was a look of intense pity in them, as she bathed my head, face and neck in cool water. As the car heeled, in rounding a curve, Bill Ditmar, the conductor, came up to me.

That seemed to recall me to my senses, and I tried to get up, but my passenger pushed me gently back, talking soothingly.

"Lay still, old man; be quiet," said Bill; "you're all right. Don't try to move."

"What's the matter?" I asked querulously. "What ye doin'? Who slopped this water all over me?"

"Don't you know you're hurt, Joe?"

"Hurt? No. Who hurt me?"

"There was a two-inch spruce plank stickin' out o' a car o' lumber in Knowlton switch; it stripped your side o' the cab off, an' knocked ye off yer perch. The corner o' the baggage-car broke it off, an' it scraped along the whole side o' the train."

"Is that so? Who's runnin' the engine now?"

"The fireman."

"Who's firin' for 'im?"

"The head brakeman."

"Well, I can't stay here; I must get back on the engine 'fore that red-headed chump——" I tried again to get up, but when I raised my head it became dizzy, things looked black, and it fell wearily back on the pile of old coats.

I awoke in a hospital, where I stayed a month. When I came out the threatened trouble on the road had been settled more or less satisfactorily, my fireman had been promoted, and I had red-headed Allison permanently. If his overwhelming conceit could be kept in check, he wasn't such a bad fellow, at all. He tried several times to broach the subject of the lady passenger, but as I saw it was merely to dilate on the impression he had made, I declined to listen.

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By virtue of my office as chief of the local division, I was privileged to lead the grand march at our annual ball. As I had no lady, Jack Burke, the floor manager, promised to find me a partner. When he presented me to Miss Lily Effingham, I was delighted,—and not a little confused,—to recognize my former passenger. Explanations were impossible, so I just brazened it out. I was shaved now, and togged up, so I was more at ease than on our first meeting.

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Miss Lily was a splendid dancer, and a bright and sensible girl. We became quite good friends during the evening, and she told me how pleased she had been at seeing me back on the engine.

"How could you have seen me?" I asked in surprise, for I was certain I had not seen her since I lay on the baggage-car floor that day when she bathed my wounds so tenderly.

"Why, I see you every day," she replied; "you pass Uncle Ephraim's at a quarter past ten, and I always see you go by."

At ten-fifteen I was due at the top of a heavy grade at Gregory's Mills. Colonel Ephraim Gregory, our recently elected Assemblyman, lived on the summit of the hill. As chairman of the railroad men's Democratic club, I had worked like a Trojan for his election. I had become personally acquainted with him, and knew him to be a genial and hearty old fellow. I had not seen him since his election, for, the contest decided, I went back to my engine, and forgot politics in watching out for red flags.

"Is he with us this evening?" I asked.

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Three months later, with Lily's permission, I tackled the Colonel

"Why, yes; haven't you seen him? There he is, with Mrs. Larrabee,—over there."

We strolled over to where the Colonel was entertaining the Superintendent's wife. Miss Lily was about to introduce me, when he interrupted her with: "Oh, I know Mr. Franklin. We are fellow-soldiers in the good cause. Mrs. Larrabee, permit me——"

"Not necessary, Colonel; I, too, am acquainted with Mr. Franklin. He is one of our engineers, you know. I have ridden a great many miles behind him."

We formed a party, in a corner, and I, for one, passed a remarkably pleasant evening.

"By-the-way, Mr. Franklin," said the Colonel, as we shook hands at parting, "I want to see you about the expenses of the club; can't you run over to the house some evening next week? We are alone, Lily and I, and will try and make it pleasant for you."

I glanced at her inquiringly. Seconded by her, the invitation would become a command to be obeyed.

"Wednesday evening we will be at home. Will that be convenient for you, Mr. Franklin?" she said, with, I fancied, a slightly conscious flush on her face.

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On Wednesday evening, which was perfectly convenient for me, the Colonel met me at the door with a cordial welcome. Miss Lily received me with gracious hospitality in the large, old-fashioned parlor.

"Ten fifteen became the most interesting moment in the whole twenty-four hours to me now. I never missed the flutter of a dainty handkerchief at the corner window of the old mansion, nor failed to return the signal. As I had to pound her pretty hard to get up the grade, the fireman was too busy to see what was going on.

Early the next fall it was rumored about that our superintendent of motive power was about to leave, and that the master mechanic of the middle division was to get his place. That would leave a vacancy for a master mechanic. There would be no lack of candidates, and the best hustler would get it. I had no hesitation in invoking the Colonel's aid. Here was a chance, if he wished to do something for me.

He asked me but one question: "Are you competent to fill the position?"

"Undoubtedly," I replied; "otherwise I would not have asked for your assistance."

He told me to leave the matter to him, and to keep perfectly "mum."

When the change was finally made, several persons who had confidently asserted themselves as being sure of the appointment were wonderfully taken aback by the unexpected promotion of Joe Franklin.

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Three months later, with Lily's permission, I tackled the Colonel. He admitted that he had been expecting it, and was not displeased; "but, Joe," said he, laying both hands on my shoulders, and looking me squarely in the eyes, "I want you to prove yourself. Come to me a year from the day you were promoted, and if you still hold your position, she is yours."

I thought the terms hard, but railroad men learn to wait long and be patient. With Lily's help and encouragement the nine months passed,—it doesn't seem long now,—and the old gentleman proved that he was as good as his word.

We had been married a week before I was able to muster courage to ask what she thought of me that day on the engine.

"I thought," said she, with a bewitching pout, "that you were the crossest bear I had ever seen, and that I should dearly like to have the taming of you."

"What about Allison?"

"Allison, who is he?"

"That red-headed fireman."

She gazed at me a moment in puzzled wonder, then, suddenly divining where the shoe pinched, she threw her head back, and rippled out a peal of laughter whose genuine heartiness would have swept away the last trace of jealousy from the mind of the most perverted Bluebeard that ever lived.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, on regaining her breath, "he was too funny!"

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THE PARROT THAT PREACHED A SERMON

A TICKET seller in a theatre once owned a parrot that was quick at learning to repeat the phrases he heard.

The ticket man went to the country for a summer vacation, and took the educated parrot along with him. One day the bird got out of his cage and disappeared.

His owner searched all about for him, and finally, toward evening, found him, despoiled of half his feathers, sitting far out on the limb of a tree, while a dozen crows were picking at him whenever they could get a chance. And all this time the poor parrot, with his back humped up, was edging away from the crows and constantly exclaiming, in imitation of his master: "One at a time, gentlemen; one at a time, please!"

THE MARKET-PLACE

By

HAROLD FREDERIC

with

Pictures by Harrison Fisher

Chapter VI

THORPE'S life-long habit of early rising brought him downstairs next morning before anybody else in the house, apparently, was astir. At all events, he saw no one in either the hall or the glass vestibule. He found on one of the hat-racks a cap that was less uncomfortable than the others, and sauntered forth to look about him.

His nerves were by no means in so serene a state as his reason told him they ought to be. The disquieting impression of bad dreams hung about him. The waking hour, always an evil time for him in these latter days of anxiety, had been this morning a peculiarly depressing affair. It had seemed to him, in the first minutes of reviving consciousness, that he was a hopelessly ruined and discredited man; the illusion of disaster had been, indeed, so complete and vivid that, even now, more than an hour later, he had not shaken off its effects.

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He applied his mental energies, as he strolled along the gravel paths, to the task of reassuring himself. There were still elements of chance in the game, of course, but it was easy enough, here in the daylight, to demonstrate that they had been cut down to a minimum,—that it was nonsense to borrow trouble about them. He reviewed the situation in painstaking detail, and at every point it was all right, or as nearly all right as any human business could be. He scolded himself sharply for this foolish susceptibility to the intimidation of nightmares. "Look at Plowden!" he bade his dolorous spirit. "See how easy he takes things."

It was undeniable that Lord Plowden took things very easily indeed. He had talked with eloquence and feeling about the miseries and humiliations of a peerage inadequately endowed with money, but no traces of his sufferings were visible to Thorpe's observant eye. The nobleman himself looked the very image of contented prosperity,—handsome, buoyant, light-hearted, and, withal, the best-groomed man in London.

And this ancestral home of his,—or of his mother's, since he seemed to insist upon the distinction,—where were its signs of a stinted income? The place was overrun with servants. There was a horse which covered a distance of something like two miles in eight minutes. Inside and out, Hadlow House suggested nothing but assured plenty. Yet its master told the most unvarying tales of poverty, and no doubt they were in one sense true. What he wished to fix his mind upon, and to draw strength for himself from, was the gay courage with which these Plowdens behaved as if they were rich.

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The grounds at the front of the house, hemmed in by high hedges and trees from what seemed to be a public road beyond, were fairly spacious, but the sleek decorum of their arrangement, while it pleased him, was scarcely interesting. He preferred to study the house, which in the daylight revealed itself as his ideal of what a historic English country-house of the minor class should be.

There had been a period in his youth when architecture had attracted him greatly as offering a congenial and lucrative career. Not much remained to him now of the phraseology which he had gone to the trouble of memorizing, in that far-off time, but he still looked at buildings with a kind of professional consciousness. Hadlow House said intelligible things to him, and he was pleased with himself for understanding them.

It was not new in any part, apparently, but there was nothing pretentious in its antiquity. It had never been a castle, or a fortified residence. No violent alteration in habits or needs distinguished its present occupants from its original builders. It had been planned and reared as a home for gentle people, at some not-too-remote date when it was already possible for gentle people to have homes without fighting to defend them.

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One could fancy that its calm and infinitely comfortable history had never been ruffled from that day to this. He recalled having heard it mentioned the previous evening that the house stood upon the site of an old monastery. No doubt that accounted for its being built in a hollow, with the ground floor on the absolute level of the earth outside.

—glistened with expensive smartness now beneath the sponge of one of the hostlers

The monks had always chosen these low-lying, sheltered spots for their cloisters.

Why should they have done so? he wondered,—and then came to a sudden mental stop, absorbed in a somewhat surprised contemplation of a new version of himself. He was becoming literary, historical, bookish! His mind had begun to throw open again, to abstract thoughts and musings, its long-closed doors. He had read and dreamed so much as a lad, in the old bookshop! For many years that boyhood of eager concern in the printed page had seemed to him to belong to somebody else. Now all at once it came back to him as his own possession; he felt that he could take up books again where he had dropped them, perhaps even with the old rapt, intent zest.

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Visions rose before him of the magnificent library he would gather for himself. And it should be in nowise for show,—the gross ostentation of the unlettered parvenu,—but a genuine library, which should minister to his own individual culture. The thought took instant form upon his interest. By that road, his progress to the goal of gentility would be smooth and simple. He seemed not to have reasoned it out to himself in detail before, but now, at all events, he saw his way clearly enough. Why should he be so tormented with doubts and misgivings about himself, as if he had come out of the gutter?

Why, indeed? He had passed through,—and with credit, too,—one of the great public schools of England. He had been on an equality, so far as he saw, with the sons of aristocratic families or of great city potentates. He had behind him three generations at least of scholarly men; men who knew the contents of the books they handled.

His grandfather had been a man of note in his calling. The tradition of Lord Althorp's confidence in him, and of how he requited it by securing Caxton's Golden Legend, or the library of that distinguished collector, under the very nose of his hot rival, the Duke of Marlborough, was tenderly cherished as an heirloom in the old shop. And Thorpe's father, too, though no such single achievement crowned his memory, had been the adviser and, as one might say, the friend, of many notable writers and patrons of literature. The son of such forbears needed only money to be recognized by everybody as a gentleman.

On his mother's side, now that he thought of it, there was something perhaps better still than a heritage of librarians' craft and tastes. His mother's maiden name was Stormont, and he remembered well enough the solemnity with which she had always alluded to the fact in the course of domestic discussions.

Who the Stormonts were he could not recall that he had ever learned, but his mother had been very clear indeed about their superiority to the usual ruck of people. He would ask his sister whether she knew anything about them. In the meantime, there was no denying that Stormont was a fine-sounding name. He reflected that it was his own middle name, and, on that instant, some turn of his mind engraved for him a card-plate on which appeared the legend, "Mr. Stormont Thorpe."

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It was an inspiration! "Joel" he had not used for so many years that now, after six months' familiarity with it on his sister's lips, he could not get accustomed to it. The colorless and noncommittal style of "J. S. Thorpe," under which he had lived so long, had been well enough for the term of his exile,—the weary time of obscure toil and suspense. But now, in this sunburst of smiling fortune, when he had achieved the right to a name of distinction,—here it was, ready to his hand. A fleeting question as to whether he should carry the "J" along as an initial put itself to his mind. He decided against it. He had a prejudice against men who, in the transatlantic phrase, parted either their hair or their names in the middle.

He had made his unheeding way past the house to the beginning of the avenue of trees,

—made a curious whistling noise as they worked

a moment there came into view, round a curve in the leafy distance, two horses with riders, advancing at a brisk canter. Soon he perceived that the riders were ladies; they drew rein as they approached him, and then he saw that they were the pair he had judged to be such close friends last night,—Lady Cressage and the daughter of the house.

They smiled and nodded down at him, as he lifted his cap and bowed. Their cheeks were glowing and their eyes sparkling with the exhilaration of their ride. Even the Honorable Winifred looked comely and distinguished in his eyes, under the charm of this heightened vivacity, and she seemed to carry herself better in the saddle than she did out of it; the sweep of her habit below the stirrup lent dignity to her figure.

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But her companion, whose big chestnut mount was pacing slowly toward the stepping-block,—how should he bring within the compass of thought the impressions he had had of her as she passed? There seemed to have been no memory in his mind to prepare him for the beauty of the picture she had made. Slender, erect, exquisitely tailored, she had gone by like some Queen in a pageant, gracious yet utterly unapproachable.

He stared after her, mutely bewildered at the effect she produced upon him, until he saw that a groom was helping her to dismount. The angry thought that he might have done this himself rose within him, but there followed swiftly enough the answering conviction that he lacked the courage. He did not even advance to proffer his services to the other lady. The truth was, he admitted ruefully to himself, they unnerved him.

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He had talked freely enough to them, or rather to the company of which they made part, the previous evening. There had been an hour or more, indeed, before the party broke up, in which he had borne the lion's share of the talk, and they had appeared as frankly entertained as the others. In fact, when he recalled the circle of faces to which he had addressed his monologue of reminiscences,—curious experiences and adventures in Java and the Argentine, in Brazil and the Antilles and Mexico and the far West,—it was in the face of Lady Cressage that he seemed to discern the most genuine interest.

Why should she frighten him, then, by daylight? The whimsical theory that the wine at dinner had given him a spurious courage occurred to him. He shrugged his shoulders at it, and, with his hands in his pockets, turned slowly toward the stables.

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The stable-yard is, from some points of view, the prettiest thing about Hadlow. There is a big, uneven, grass-grown space, in the centre of which, from a slight mound, springs an aged oak of tremendous girth and height. All round this inclosure are buildings of the same pale yellowish brick as the mansion itself, but quaintly differing one from another in design and size. Stables, carriage houses, kennels, a laundry, a brewery, and half a dozen structures the intention of which is now somewhat uncertain,—some flat-topped, some gabled, others with turrets, or massive grouped chimneys, or overhanging timbered upper stories,—form round this unkempt, shadowed green a sort of village, with a communal individuality entirely its own.

A glance shows its feudal relation to, and

—tried to look at the pots on the staging as if he knew about such things

which he remembered from the previous evening's drive. To his right, an open space of roadway led off in the direction of the stables.

As he hesitated, in momentary doubt which course to take, the sound of hoofs in the avenue caught his ear, and he stood still. In

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EDITOR'S NOTE—The Market-Place began in the issue of the Post for December 17, 1898.

dependence upon, the great house behind which it nestles; some of the back-kitchens and offices of this great house, indeed, straggle out till they meet and merge themselves into this quadrangle. None the less, it presents to the inquiring gaze a specific character, of as old a growth, one might think, as the oak itself. Here servants have lived, it may be, since man first learned the trick of setting his foot on his brother's neck.

Plainly enough, the monks' servants lived and worked here; half the buildings on the side nearest the house belong to their time, and one of them still bears a partially defaced coat-of-arms that must have belonged to an Abbot. And when lay lord succeeded cleric, only the garb and vocabulary of servitude were altered in this square. Its population crossed themselves less, and worked much harder, but they remained in a world of their own, adjacent and subject to the world of their masters, yet completely separated from it by oh! such countless and unthinkable distances.

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Thorpe sauntered along the side of the stables. He counted three men and a boy who visibly belonged to this department. The dog-cart of the previous evening had been run out upon the brick-pavement which drained the stables, and glistened with expensive smartness now beneath the sponge of one of the hostlers. Under cover, he discerned two other carriages, and there seemed to be at least half a dozen horses. The men who, in the half gloom of the loose boxes, were busy grooming these animals, made a curious whistling noise as they worked. Everybody in the yard touched a forelock to him as he passed them.

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From this quaint, Old World inclosure he wandered at his leisure, through an open gate in the wall at the back, into the gardens behind the house. There was not much in the way of flowers to look at, but he moved about quite unconscious of any deprivation. A cluster of greenhouses, massed against the southern side of the mansion, attracted his listless fancy, and he walked toward what appeared to be an entrance to them.

The door was locked, but he found another farther on which opened to his hand. The air was very hot and moist inside, and the place was so filled with broad-leaved, umbrageous tropical plants that he had to stoop to make his way through to the end. The next house had a more tolerable atmosphere, and contained some blossoms to which he gave momentary attention. In the third house, through the glass door, he could see a man,—evidently a gardener,—lifting some flowerpots to a shelf overhead.

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The thought occurred to him that by entering into conversation with this man he might indirectly obtain a hint as to the usual breakfast hour at Hadlow. It was now nearly ten o'clock, and he was getting very hungry. Would they not ring a bell, or sound a gong, or something? he wondered. Perhaps there had been some such summons, and he had not heard it. It might be the intelligent thing for him to return to the house, at all events, and sit in the hall where the servants could see him, in case the meal was in progress.

Looking idly through the glass at the gardener, meanwhile, it suddenly dawned upon him that the face and figure were familiar. He stared more intently at the man, casting about in his memory for a clue to his identity. It came to him that the person he had in mind was a fellow named Gafferson, who had kept an impoverished and down-at-the-heels sort of hotel and general store on the road from Belize to Boon Town in British Honduras. Yes, it undoubtedly was Gafferson. What on earth was he doing here?

Thorpe gave but brief consideration to this problem. It was of more immediate importance to recall the circumstances of his contact with the man. He had made Gafferson's poor shanty of a hotel his headquarters for the better part of a month,—the base of supplies from which it had been his custom to make numerous prospecting tours into the mountains of the interior.

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Had he paid his bill on leaving? Yes, there was no doubt about that. He could even recall a certain pity for the unbusinesslike scale of charges, and the lack of perception of opportunity which characterized the bill in question. He remembered now his impression that Gafferson would never do any good. It would be interesting to know what kind of an impression he, in turn, had produced on his thriftless host. At any rate, there was no good reason why he should not find out. He opened the door and went in.

The gardener barely looked up from his occupation, and drew aside to let the new comer pass with no sign of a gesture toward his cap. Thorpe halted, and tried to look at the pots on the staging as if he knew about such things.

"What are you doing?" he asked, in the tentative tone of one who is in no need of information, but desires to be affable.

"Drying off the first lot of Gloxinias," answered the other. "Some people put 'em on their sides, but I like 'em upright, close to the glass. It stands to reason, if you think about it."

"Why, certainly," said Thorpe, with conviction. In his mind he contrasted the independence of Gafferson's manner with the practiced servility of the stable-yard, and thought that he liked it, and then was not so sure. He perceived that there was no recognition of him. The gardener, as further desultory conversation about his work progressed, looked his interlocutor full in the face, but with a placid, sheeplike gaze which seemed to be entirely insensible to variations in the human species.

"How did you ever get back here to England?" Thorpe was emboldened to ask at last. In comment upon the other's stare of puzzled inquiry, he went on: "You're Gafferson, aren't you? I thought so. When I last saw you, you were running a sort of half-way house, t'other side of Belize. That was in '90."

Gafferson, a thick-set, squat man of middle age, with a straggling reddish beard, turned upon him a tranquil but uninformed eye. "I suppose you would have been stopping at Government House," he remarked. "That was in Sir Roger Goldsworthy's time. They used to come out often to see my flowers. And so you remembered my name. I suppose it was because of the Gaffersoniana hybrids. There was a good bit in the papers about them last spring."

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Thorpe nodded an assent which it seemed better not to put into words. "Well, it beats all," he mused aloud. "Why, man, there's gold in those mountains! You had an inside track on prospecting, placed as you were. And there's cocoa; and some day they'll coin money in rubber, too. All that country's waiting for is better communications. And you were on the spot, and knew all the lay of the land; and yet here you are, back in England, getting so much a month for messing about in the mud."

He saw swiftly that his reflections had carried him beyond his earlier limit, and with rapidity decided upon frankness. "No, I wasn't in the Governor's outfit at all. I was looking for gold then, with occasionally an eye on rubber. I stopped at your place. Don't you remember me? My name's Thorpe. I had a beard then. Why, man, you and one of your niggers were with me three or four days once, up on the ridge beyond the Burnt Hills; why, you remember, the nigger was from San Domingo, and he was forever bragging about the San Domingo peppers, and saying those on the mainland hadn't enough strength to make a baby wrinkle his nose, and you found a pepper coming through the swamp, and you tipped me the wink, and you handed that pepper to the nigger, and it near killed him. You must remember that!"

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"That would have been the *Chavica pertusum*," said Gafferson thoughtfully. He seemed to rouse himself to an interest in the story itself with some difficulty. "Yes, I remember it," he admitted finally. "I shouldn't have known you, though. I'm the worst in the world about remembering people. It seems to be growing on me. I notice that when I go up to London to the shows I don't remember the men that I had the longest talks with the time before. Once you get wrapped up in your flowers, you've got no room in your head for anything else,—that's the way of it."

Thorpe considered him with a ruminating eye. "So this is the sort of thing you really like, eh? You'd rather be doing this, eh, than making your pile in logwood and mahogany out there, or floating a gold mine?"

Gafferson answered quite simply: "I wasn't the kind to ever make a pile. I got led into going out there when I was a youngster, and there didn't seem to be any good in trying to get back; but I wasn't making more than a bare living when you were there, and after that I didn't even do that much. It took me a good many years to find out what my real fancy was. I hated my hotel and my store, but I was crazy about my garden. Finally, an American gentleman came along one day, and he put up at my place, and he saw that I was as near ruined as they make 'em, and he says to me, 'You're no good to run a hotel, nor yet a store, and this ain't your country for a cent. What you're born for is to grow flowers. You can't afford to do it here, because nobody'll pay you for it, but you gather up your seeds and roots and so on, and come along with me to Atlanta, Georgia, and in a short time I'll put fat on your bones.'

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"That's what he said to me, and I took him at his word, and I was with him two years, and then I thought I'd like to come to England, and since then I've worked my way up here, till now I take a Royal Horticultural medal regular; and there's a clematis with salmon-colored bars, that'll be in the market next spring, that's named after my master. And what could I ask more'n that?"

"Quite right," said Thorpe. "What time do they have breakfast here?"

The gardener's round, phlegmatic, florid countenance had taken on a mild glow of animation during his narrative. It relapsed into lethargy at the advent of this new topic.

"It seems to me they eat at all hours," he said. "But if you want to see His Lordship," he went on, considering, "about noon would be your best time."

"See His Lordship!" repeated Thorpe, with an impatient grin. "Why, I'm a guest here in the house. All I want is something to eat."

"A guest," Gafferson repeated in turn, slowly. There was nothing unpleasant in the intonation, and Thorpe's sharp glance failed to detect any trace of offensive intention in his companion's fatuous visage. Yet it seemed to pass between the two men that Gafferson was surprised, and that there were abundant grounds for his being surprised.

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"Why, yes," said Thorpe, with as much nonchalance as he could summon, "your master is one of my directors. I've taken a fancy to him, and I'm going to make a rich man of him. He was keen about my seeing his place here, and kept urging me to come, and so finally I've got away over Sunday to oblige him. By-the-way, I shall buy an estate in the country as soon as the right thing offers, and I shall want to set up

IN A MOMENT
THEY CAME INTO VIEW

The sound was delightful, but even more to was the implication that it betokened breakfast

no end of gardens and greenhouses and all that. I see that I couldn't come to a better man than you for advice. I dare say I'll put the whole arrangement of it in your hands. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

"Whatever His Lordship agrees to," the gardener replied sententiously. He turned to the staging, and took up one of the pots.

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Thorpe swung on his heel, and moved briskly toward the farther door, which he could see opened upon the lawn. He was conscious of annoyance with this moon-faced, dawdling Gafferson, who had been afforded such a splendid chance of profiting by an old acquaintanceship,—it might even be called, as things went in Honduras, a friendship,—and who had failed to rise to the situation.

The bitter thought of going back and giving him a half-crown rose in Thorpe's inventive mind, and he paused for an instant, his hand on the doorknob, to think it over. The gratuity would certainly put Gafferson in his place, but then the spirit in which it was offered would be wholly lost on his dull brain. And, moreover, was it so certain that he would take it? He had not said "sir" once, and he had talked about medals with the pride of a scientist. The rules were overwhelmingly against a gardener rejecting a tip, of course, but if there was no more than one chance in twenty of it, Thorpe decided that he could not afford the risk.

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He quitted the greenhouse with resolution, and directed his steps toward the front of the mansion. As he entered the hall a remarkably tuneful and resonant chime filled his ears with novel music. He looked and saw that a white-capped, neatly clad domestic, standing with her back to him beside the newel-post of the stairs, was beating out the tune with two padded sticks upon some strips of metal ranged on a stand of Indian workmanship. The sound was delightful, but even more so was the pleasing implication that it betokened breakfast.

With inspiration, he drew forth the half-crown and gave it to the girl as he turned. "That's the kind of concert I like," he declared, bestowing the patronage of a jovial smile upon her pleased and comely face. "Show me the way to this breakfast that you've been serenading about."

Out in the greenhouse, meanwhile, Gafferson continued to regard blankly the shriveled, fatty leaves of the plant he had taken up. "Thorpe," he said aloud, as if addressing the tabid Gloxinia, "Thorpe; yes, I remember his initials,—J. S. Thorpe. Now, who's the man that told me about him? and what was it he told me?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THIRTEENTH · CHAPTER ·

THE PROFESSOR'S DAUGHTER

By ANNA FARQUHAR *Pictures by* HENRY HUTT

THAT evening Layton and Ol put up the former's guns and packed his things ready for an early departure in the morning. Ol cooked their supper of blue-fish and Johnny cakes, adding some of Mrs. Clarke's mince pies. The two men always enjoyed their meals and talks together. Layton could rest with Ol at Weecapaug as he could nowhere else in the world, because his brain was entirely diverted from professional thought by the fishing and gunning topics they discussed exhaustively, or by Ol's quaint humor, always fresh and amusing.

Their existence in the camp was most primitive, as there was only the one large room, containing a cooking-stove, one chair, a table covered with oil cloth, two bunks built one over the other against the side of the wall, and a rude shelf holding the crockery, knives and forks, and the coffee-pot. After they together washed the supper dishes, Ol stretched out on the lower bunk, lighting up Mary Ann the while, and Layton took the chair near the fire, for the nights were growing cold. They smoked a while in silence. Layton was abstracted and Ol sleepy, but after a time the latter walked over to the stove and emptied his pipe of ashes by striking the bowl against the side of the wood-box nearby, saying with a yawn:

"Cal'late I'll start up Mary Ann again. She's a real comfort jus' at the nidge o' the evenin', when a feller's sleepy, an' 'shamed to go to bed along 'th the chickens. Ain't that so, Doc? Why, Doc! You ain't goin' to sleep there? 'Tain't but pore kind o' comfort to sleep settin' up."

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Layton had dropped the hand holding his cigar on to the table, and was tilting his chair back against a rough beam, apparently asleep. He opened his eyes and asked, "Did you speak, Ol? What's up?"

"Oh, nothin's up but me, an' I'll soon be down again. Better not go to sleep settin' there."

"I wasn't asleep," returned Layton, resuming his cigar.

"What be the matter with you, then? Be you sick?" asked Ol, lying down again.

"No, Ol; I was thinking, I suppose. Ol, do you think I am too bad a man for a decent woman to marry?"

"Bad! Lord sakes! No! What you ever done? You ain't never killed nor robbed anybody's I know of, an' there ain't no man alive's done more fur pore folks an' folks gen'ally'n you have. Strikes me any woman alive'd be featherin' her nest well to git you. Thinkin' 'bout tryin' it again, Doc?"

Ol looked at him now with wide-awake eyes.

"Yes, if the woman I want will have me. I'd have better luck this time."

"It's to be hoped so, Doc. We ain't never spoke together 'bout the other one,—'tain't our way to talk,—but my eyes an' ears wa'n't made fur nothin'. Like's not I hadn't ought to ask you the question, but"—he hesitated—"but won't she have you, Doc?"

"No, not now. She won't marry a man who hasn't lived as straight a life as she has. Of course she's right,—but where's she going to find one that has,—excepting you?"

"An' she wouldn't have me, nohow," said Ol, hardly conscious of speaking aloud. Layton looked over at him, but Ol smoked on indifferently, and Layton thought he had not understood the remark.

"She'll have you yet, Doc," Ol went on. "She ain't same's other folks—specially women folks. 'Tain't jus' right to call her hard-hearted. I guess ign'rant be the word fur her. She's jus' same's one o' them white gulls, as I tole you, sailin' way up beyond the world without seein' what's goin' on on the ground,—then when she 'lights on a rock or on the ma'sh she don't know 'nough to look out fur herself, an' a shot comes along when she ain't lookin' fur it. Gurl ain't got no learnin' 'bout folks. She's got a pile to learn yet, but when she's got her eyes open she'll see plainer'n other folks."

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"How did you know who I meant, Ol?" asked Layton, looking at the long ash on the light end of his cigar.

"Oh, seein's knowin', I've tole you before. There ain't no mistakin' a woman's ways when her man's 'round. She al'ays gits fidg'ty, an' lets on she can't see him comin' nohow, an' acts 's though he's only good 'nough to walk on in muddy shoes, anyway. I've saw 'em 'round 'fore this, I have. Gurl's got them symptoms, as you'd call 'em, if 'twere a every-day fever. She'll have you yet, Doc. She'll jus' have to. Why, I saved her fur you."

"Ol, I must tell you what I sent her down here for. She's going blind, Ol,—that is, she is slowly losing her sight,—things something like small glasses in her eyes are getting thick, as though frost had covered them, shutting out the light from that place I told you made pictures of everything we see. Nothing can be done for her until the eye is entirely covered; then an operation will remove the trouble and she will see again all right."

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"Doc! You don't mean it? Gurl goin' blind! The pore white dove! Doc, ain't that jus' awful! Sure you can't cure her? You can mos' folks. Can't you do nothin' fur her?"

"Nothing but marry her and take care of her, which she will not let me do."

"There ain't no sense in her actin' that way. What's she got 'gainst you?"

"She had heard a lot of lies about me in New York, and I confessed that I was not what she was——"

"You hadn't ought to 'a' done that. 'Tain't none o' women folkses bizness to know. They've got 'nough to do to 'tend to their own principles," said Ol more vigorously than usual.

"She doesn't feel that way about it."

"I ain't got no use fur folks as is al'ays tellin' other folks what they'd ought to do. Oh! I forgot 'twere gurl we're talkin' 'bout, but she's jus' ign'rant. Wait till she's left alone,—the ole man ain't long fur this world,—an' learns some things; she'll never have a better chance, an' I'd tell her to her face she wa'n't usin' you right."

"No, Ol, you must never even let her know that you guess this. I did not mean to tell you, but you were too smart for me. Come, let's go to bed. Talking about it won't mend matters. She said that if she ever came to feel about things the way I do she might marry me, but never before,—and I don't want her to."

"Well, it's one too many fur me, the hul bizness, an' I ain't got no right to talk. But I'm real sorry fur you, Doc. There ain't no one I think's much of's I do o' you, 's you know well, an' I saved her fur you, an' I 'low she'll learn 'nough to know when she's well off before she's through. Pore gurl! Won't she be lonesome if the ole man's took off an' she loses her seein'? It'll jus' be awful, Doc!" Ol raised himself on his elbow, and Layton saw him swallow a lump in his throat.

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"Yes, Ol, it will be awful," he replied, "and we must change her mind some way or other. I sent her down here to get strong physically, and to know you, Ol."

"Change o' heart's what she needs,—jus' 'bout what they git at revival meetin's. I cal'late knowin' me ain't made her no softer's I can see."

"Yes it has. I can see a marked change in her since she came down."

"That comes o' her feelin' fur you, not fur me," replied Ol. Layton again looked at him sharply, but Ol's face was as calm as a summer day.

"Perhaps you're right. I hope so. Waken me by five if I don't wake myself."

"All right, Doc. I won't fail you," replied Ol, and they turned in.

Louise Fremont passed a night which afterward seemed a haunting dream. She rebelled against her fate; against the love come to her in the form of a temptation; against a God that would permit her to go blind when she had led a blameless life, and deserved no such punishment.

After hours of this self-torture, like a child who, worn out with angry weeping after receiving chastisement, goes to sleep from sheer fatigue, she became quiet, and by dawn was sleeping heavily the tired, aching sleep which brings no rest. She did not hear the wheels of the team carrying Doctor Layton past the house, nor did she know how he felt as he looked up at her window in passing. She did not appear at breakfast, but came down later, and went fishing with Ol. He noticed the change in her expression since the day before, but said nothing about it. He racked his brain for amusing neighborhood anecdotes to tell her, but her smile came with difficulty.

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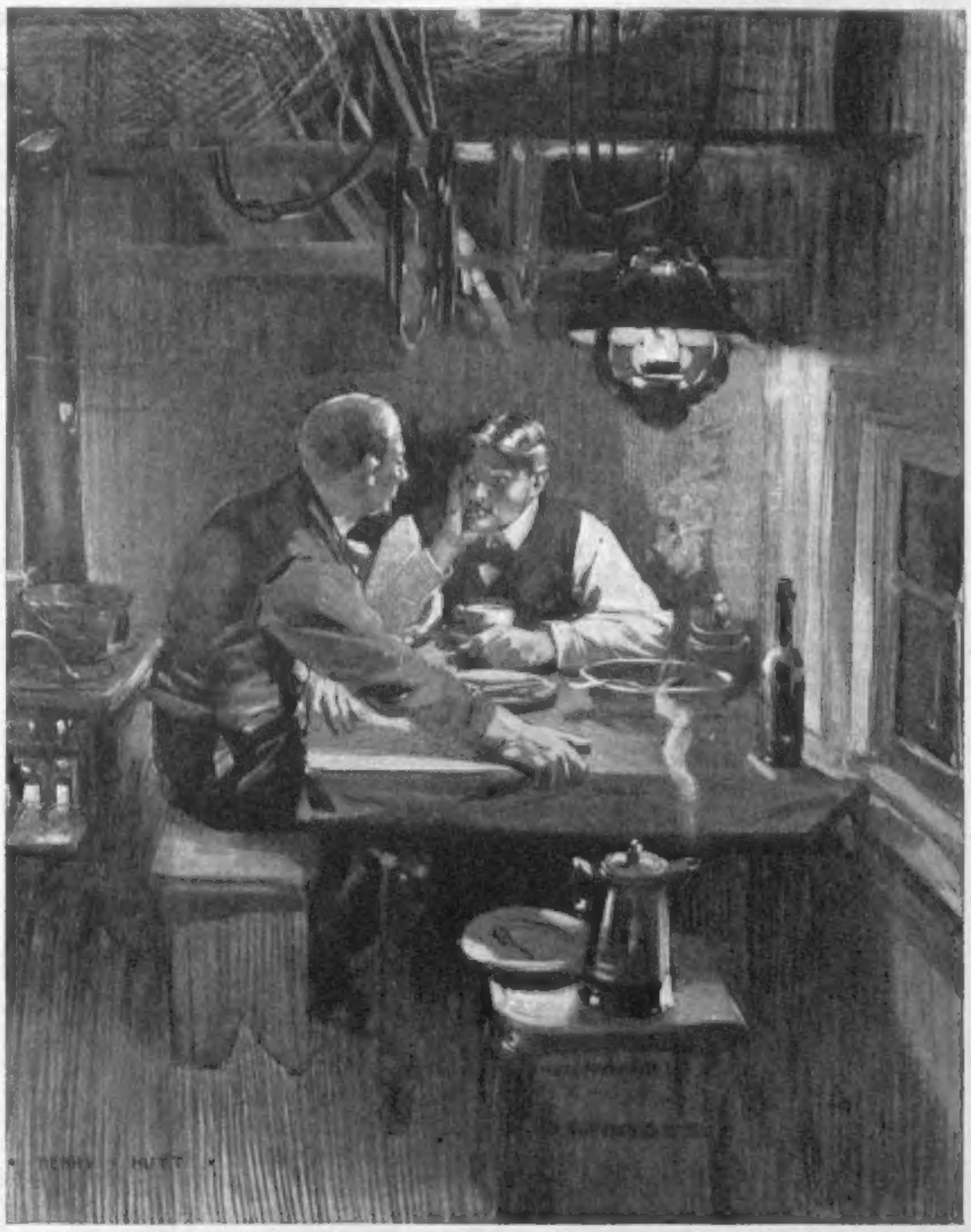
When they returned and landed at the bridge, Louise said, "Ol, did you know that I am going blind?"

"Yes, gurl, an' I feel fur you. Doc tole me 'bout it las' night, an' I only wisht I could stop it comin', but nobody can't if Doc can't. All folks has troubles, an' yours be jus' comin'. The worst o' it be, that folks each 'lows they's got the worst one to be had. When my drunk ole father turned

THE TWO MEN ALWAYS ENJOYED THEIR MEALS AND TALKS TOGETHER



me out on the world once, I 'lowed there wa'n't never anybody treated so bad before, but jus' then my cousin, him that were runnin' a train between New York an' Boston, got all smashed up'n a wreck, an' had to have both legs sawed off, an' his woman an' children didn't have nothin' to live on. He sent fur me, an' when I see how they's fixed I 'lowed I were well off an' stopped kickin' same's a unbroke horse. It's awful, gurl, jus' awful fur you, but some folks be worse off by a large major'ty, an' when you feel's though you couldn't stan' it no how, look 'round an' find some o' them folks an' you'll take comfort out o' seein' how much worse off you could be, easy."

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Tears started to her eyes. She held out her hand to him. He took it awkwardly at first, then held it firmly as she replied: "Ol, you are such a comfort. I wish I had you near me always to show me the way."

There was a question in Ol's eyes for one moment, then with a faint sigh he said: "Doc can do more fur you, gurl, than me or anybody could. He's jus' the right one fur you."

The color came to her face, and she pulled her hand away. "No; he says he can do nothing for me," she replied. "Good-by, Ol. Come up in the morning before we start."

"I'll be there if I'm alive," he said, pushing off. At the distance of a few yards, after she had walked away, he called out: "Don't forget what I said 'bout Doc, will you, gurl?" She shook her head negatively, and continued up the road.

The following morning Mr. Everett drove down for the Fremonts and took them home with him. Notwithstanding the close friendship between Louise and her father, it had never been her habit to tell him of that inner life which belongs only to the human being and a divine judge. For a year past the Professor had shown symptoms of failing strength. He was never ill, but never entirely well and vigorous, consequently the heavy sorrows that had come to her she bore apart from his sympathy. Had he been an observing man he would have noticed the change in her manner during those first few weeks in Shannock. Mr. Everett did observe, and daily grew more anxious about her. He noticed a growing apathy, an air of discouragement in her movements.

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When her father suggested a renewal of their mythological researches, she put him off evasively, and she spent a great deal of time alone in her room. Finally Mr. Everett, who had conjectured every possible cause for the change in her, decided that a severe illness was coming on and he must send for his nephew, or that possibly she was feeling left out in the cold owing to the intimate and congenial companionship existing between himself and her father. He decided to seek from her an explanation.

One evening soon after dinner, when the three of them were settled around a crackling log fire, Mr. Everett reading aloud a political editorial from a New York paper, Louise arose abruptly and started upstairs, as she had done several times before at that hour, without returning to them all evening. Mr. Everett handed the paper to the Professor saying, "Here, Tom, finish that yourself. I'll be back shortly."

He followed Louise into the hall, where, catching up with her, he laid a hand on her shoulder saying, "See here, Louise, why do you leave the two old men alone so much? Are you not feeling well? Don't you think I had better send for Everett to come down and find out what is the matter? He'd come at once if we'd telegraph him."

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"No, no," she replied entreatingly, "for my sake, do not send for Doctor Layton. He can do nothing for me,—he has told me so. I thought I was hiding my sorrow by going off by myself when I could not keep up. We must not tell father just yet, even if I do tell you. I thought perhaps you knew,—from your nephew?"

"What sorrow, my little girl? Come into the library with Uncle Billy and tell him all about it."

To Louise it was a relief to have his sympathy when she told him about her eyes. To Mr. Everett this intelligence came with a shock, because Doctor Layton had not intimated that Louise's trouble amounted to more than a sympathetic disturbance caused by bodily weakness, but from that time on he not only proved himself a consolation to her, but also insisted upon their seeing more of the Shannock people, and having little diverting dinners among the extensive Everett connection and his many friends. These unpretentious social gatherings did them all good in a way, for the reason that people, whether they be interesting or otherwise, force us out of ourselves and divert our minds away from the rut called Self, than which none is more dangerous as a permanent location. But still Louise found it difficult to smile, and as Christmas drew near both she and Mr. Everett became more and more anxious about the Professor, who never complained, but lost strength every day.

The Shannock physician,—another William Everett,—could find no local disease. He insisted that the trouble was anæmia and general decadence of vitality, and the Professor insisted that he was perfectly well, only so very tired all the time. When Louise fully realized his condition, a few weeks before Christmas, she became greatly alarmed, and forgot herself in mothering him.

"Uncle Billy," she said one day, "what would I do without you? I feel sometimes as though we ought to go away,—we are both so low-spirited, but I have not the courage to go back to a hotel with father as he is now. I have not a near relative in the world besides father, and not a distant one I care for. Can you stand us until he gets better?"

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"Now, Louise, what kind of talk is that?" he replied. "When have I been so happy in years past as I am now with Tom and our girl staying with me? If he isn't better by the time Everett comes for Christmas Day, we will bundle him off to the South if that seems advisable. New England winters never did agree with him."

"Would you go with us, Uncle Billy? It would be a relief to have you along. I've grown a coward since I have known my own doom. I am always expecting the worst."

"Of course I'll go with you. We'll go to Southern California, or to the ends of the earth if Everett thinks Tom is able to travel. Now don't you worry, dear child; everything will come all right. I don't see why Everett hasn't been down here these two months. He used to come much oftener, but as a man gains celebrity he loses enjoyment. That boy works himself to death, and little thanks he'll ever get for it. I tell him if he'd take life a little easier, the way I do, he'd have just as many people reading his epitaph."

Louise made no reply. She sat looking down at a hatpin she was sticking in and drawing out of her hat repeatedly. They were starting out for a drive with her father, and while they talked they were waiting for him to come downstairs.

Ol stopped in to see them whenever he went to Shannock, but that was not often in winter when he was working on the Clarke farm. In all probability, the first time he ever felt what is known as social distinction was when he first visited them and saw Louise in a trailing housegown of silk. Her clothes and demeanor at the beach had been so simple that the change in her appearance brought about a self-consciousness unusual with him under any circumstances, even though he was dressed in his "store clothes" and wore a "biled shirt," which costume took away his picturesqueness without lending him the conventional air of city life which belonged to the clothes, or at least with their metropolitan prototype.

Louise regretted the change of costume and the slight constraint of Ol's manner, but she did her best to make him feel at home, and after a few minutes the natural gentleman in him came to his rescue, and he talked as was his wont about the unusual height of the flood tides in the fall of the year, and the big catches of sea bass and mullet they had had. He told them how much of the dunes had been blown away by a recent gale which had thrown a small fishing smack up on the beach at Narragansett Pier, and how Melissa sent best regards, saying she was as well as usual and hoped they were the same. He always asked when Doctor Layton would be down, and looked very serious when they invariably told him not until Christmas.

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Two weeks before Christmas Day Mr. Everett handed Louise a letter, saying as he did so, "I hope Everett means by this that he is coming before the appointed time." He waited for her to open the letter addressed in his nephew's writing, but she said, "Just one moment, Uncle Billy,—I think I hear father calling," and left the room with the letter doubled up in one hand.

"Hum!" thought Mr. Everett; "what's up there? She didn't hear Tom call,—he's gone over to Brandon Everett's, and she knows it. Wouldn't open the letter before me! Gad! If I don't smell a rat! Here I've been taking his professional interest for granted, and I'll bet forty horses it's the other kind. He always telegraphs me. Let me see,—it's ten years, at least, since he found time to write me a letter. Wouldn't that be just the thing? I'll watch them when he comes down!"

He slapped his leg in his amusement over his obtuseness, and waited for Louise to return; but she did not come back, nor did she appear again until noon, when at lunch she said, "Oh, father and Uncle Billy, I must tell you that I had a letter from Doctor Layton this morning, and he says he can't get here until Christmas, after all."

"Did you ask him to come before, Louie dear?" asked her father innocently.

"No; oh, no!" she replied, that faint color too delicate to be called a blush toning up her cheeks. "I did not ask him, but——" she hesitated almost imperceptibly—"but he thought we might expect him before, and he thought he would let us know definitely."

"Very thoughtful of Everett, I am sure," remarked his uncle, his eyes twinkling with amusement. "I think my nephew improves in thoughtfulness as he grows older."

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Louise looked up quickly and caught his eyes. Her color deepened, and she glanced down at her plate. The Professor intercepted that exchange of glances, and when he saw Mr. Everett's expression, he, too, smiled in his eyes, and the chums signaled their delight in the interesting secret whose workings they were observing.

Men and women meet on a level of curiosity when in advanced years they surprise an attack of Cupid encountered by those of tender age in their immediate vicinity. When the last man stands alone upon the frozen earth he will question the probability of marriage in a future state, declaring unto himself that any place would be heaven with an open fire and a woman beside him, no matter by what name it might be labeled. Doctor Layton's letter read in this way—

He waited for her to open the letter, but she said, "Just one moment, Uncle Billy——"

"NEW YORK,
"EAST TWENTY-FIRST STREET.

"*My Louise:* I shall be down for Christmas Day, but there may be no opportunity for me to talk to you on the subject which has grown to be the only subject to me. Are we any nearer to each other than we were two months ago? Am I to be given the happiness of going into the twilight by your side, trying to make the light of my love compensate for the loss of the beautiful world? One thing which I must impress upon you,—I do not ask the kind of charity for my sins bestowed by worldly women upon degraded men whom they marry for homes or position. No; winking at sin or overlooking it for mercantile reasons are not the same thing as forgiving it for the sake of the love you bear the transgressor. I do not ask you to forgive me because I am a man, but because I am a human being,—as the Nazarene forgave the Magdalene; and in forgiving me learn to pity the Magdalenes.

"When a man loves a woman as I love you, he feels that for the first time in his life he recognizes his own soul, spirit, or whatever you choose to call the part of him that worships,—that reaches out for God and the things far off beyond even his imagination. I am a practical, every-day man not accustomed to descant upon things spiritual nor to analyze abstractions.

"Life is objective to me. I love you,—the creature, Louise Fremont,—with the best love I have to give, but in order that I may derive betterment from you I must have you near me. I am no poet to love you more in the imagination than in the reality. I want you,—you, Louise. I need you, dear, every minute that I live. Do you suppose that if you were my wife I could have the slightest desire for the grosser pleasures? Believe me, I am not that kind of a man. Have you ever thought about the life I lead day in and day out? I get up in the morning and go to my club, or a restaurant near by if I am late for my breakfast, always taken alone or with some stray man who has no interest in me. From ten until two I see my patients, frequently performing delicate operations, especially trying to my nerves because I am an excitable and a sympathetic man. Imagine the wear and tear upon a man's sympathies when he is frequently compelled to give an opinion much worse and more heartrending than the one I gave you. You have hope; many a poor soul only sees irrevocable blackness, without a penny in the world to support him through the trial.

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"The remainder of my day is spent in consultation, to which I am called often, and in attendance upon my duties at a hospital, where I give my services. Nearly all physicians do that kind of charity work in some way or another. I snatch a lunch whenever I can get it, although sometimes I do forget altogether to take food in the middle of the day when I am very busy. When dinner time comes I have that meal at the club, as I have had breakfast, alone or with some men; afterward I have an evening to get through. I read and study when I am not too tired. I go to the theatre until I hate the very sight of one. Formerly I went about socially a good deal, but I care less and less for that every year, and rarely accept an invitation nowadays,—often I am too tired to be superficially agreeable, but I don't believe you would find me a bear in my own home. If I remain with the men at the club after dinner we soon get enough of one another unless we go off somewhere for amusement. You must pardon so much talk about myself,—I never did it before in my life; but I must make you see how much I need you. The trite old saying that 'Man was not made to live alone' covers the situation entirely. But I could not marry just for the sake of companionship,—I could get that by calling upon several women I know. No; a man wants the one woman,—the only woman for him.

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"Come, dearest; can you let me go on alone? I rode out Riverside Drive the other day and picked out the house I would buy for us,—one overlooking the driveway and the sunsets across the Palisades. You could look at 'the glory' from your own windows while waiting for me to come home at night,—which I would do with such eagerness. Think of going home to you for dinner every night! Oh, Louise! I cannot live without you, now that I have found you! And we would build a little house down at Weecapaug for the summer and autumn season, near Melissa and Ol and Uncle Billy, and your father would be happy in our home.

"I have given you two months in which to think it all over, and if you really love me you will come, for 'Love covers a multitude of sins.' I think I will know your answer without a word when I see you again. I can hardly wait the one week longer, even though I have some dread of the meeting.

"My Louise until then, anyway. Good-by for a few days, and then forever—which? Alone with my devil? or together with my angel?

"In any case I am always your friend,
"EVERETT LAYTON.

"December seventeenth."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE MODERN MVNCHAVSEN PAPERS

By WARDON ALLAN CURTIS

Paper No. IV

OUR EXPERIENCES WITH PIRATES

"I WAS reading in the paper the other day," said the storekeeper, "that piracy was by no means extinct in the East. The article said that piracy is quite prevalent among the Chinese, Malays and other Eastern races, and that many native vessels and a few European ones are plundered every year."

"I had some experience with those piratical fellows while in the Arethuse on the Tonquin station," said the Rhode Islander who had been in the French Navy, "and but for me one of our finest vessels would have been lost.

"It was on a beautiful spring afternoon that our fleet came to anchor off the mouth of the Gumchew River, where we had been sent to investigate piratical outrages reported to have occurred in that vicinity.

"We had heard that the head man of the district had been killed by the pirates, so we were all glad when a whole fleet of little boats came out of the river bringing messages from him and presents of all kinds of fruit, vegetables and poultry. I don't know why, but when I saw that procession of natives come up over the ship's side, with their baskets, I couldn't help fearing treachery, and I said as much to the Admiral.

"'There isn't a weapon to be seen,' said he. 'Observe, not a man has on a stitch of clothing except a thin linen breech-clout.'

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"The natives ran around the vessel, handing fruit to the crew and making friends, but I wouldn't have anything to do with 'em, and stood by the foremast talking to the Admiral, who was eating a banana. All of a sudden there was a chorus of yells, the ship was ablaze with flashes of glistening steel, and everyone of those natives stood with a long snaky knife,—a creese, they call it,—pointed at a sailor's throat. The creeses were made of limber steel, and those cusses had wound 'em around their waists inside their breech-clouts.

"The Admiral and I skipped up into the cross-trees of the foremast at the first alarm, and there we sat and watched the natives bind the crew and stow 'em below decks.

"The Admiral hoped the rest of the fleet would notice that something was wrong, but it didn't, and, when night fell, the natives hitched on their little boats and the Arethuse began to creep slowly to the shore. Only two natives stayed aboard, and they stood side by side on the forecastle beneath us, to keep us from getting down.

"'We must attack them at once,' said the Admiral; 'and, if we overpower them, discharge all the guns and alarm the rest of the fleet.'

"'Just let me arrange it,' said I.

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"There was a coil of rope on the cross-trees, fastened around a little roller-and-crank arrangement used for raising ammunition. I took the end of this rope and put it through a pulley high above us. Then I tied it around my body.

"'I want you to set me and this rope swinging like a pendulum across the ship,' said I. 'Let the rope out a foot every time I get to the end of the swing, and, when I yell, let it out six feet.'

"Gradually I neared the two men directly under me. Swish, swish, swish, swish; still they didn't hear me.

"My feet swung by within two feet of their heads, and, as I completed the end of the swing and was high in the air, I gave a yell, the rope slackened, and I came back with terrible force just on the plane of the two natives. The blow swept them off the forecastle into the sea.

"In two minutes we had the gatlings working on the little boats ahead, and in a few minutes more the water reddened and the air shook with the discharge of the great guns. As a reward, the Admiral offered me a Lieutenantcy; but I was already a Lieutenant in the Rhode Island Militia, and was only in the French Navy to learn French, so I declined. Then he said I could have all the jewelry on the natives we had shot, and they all wore big gold earrings."

"Did you make much out of that?" asked the storekeeper.

"Crocodiles ate all but one of the natives, and his earrings were plated ones, and were made by a Connecticut firm," said the Rhode Islander who had been in the French Navy.

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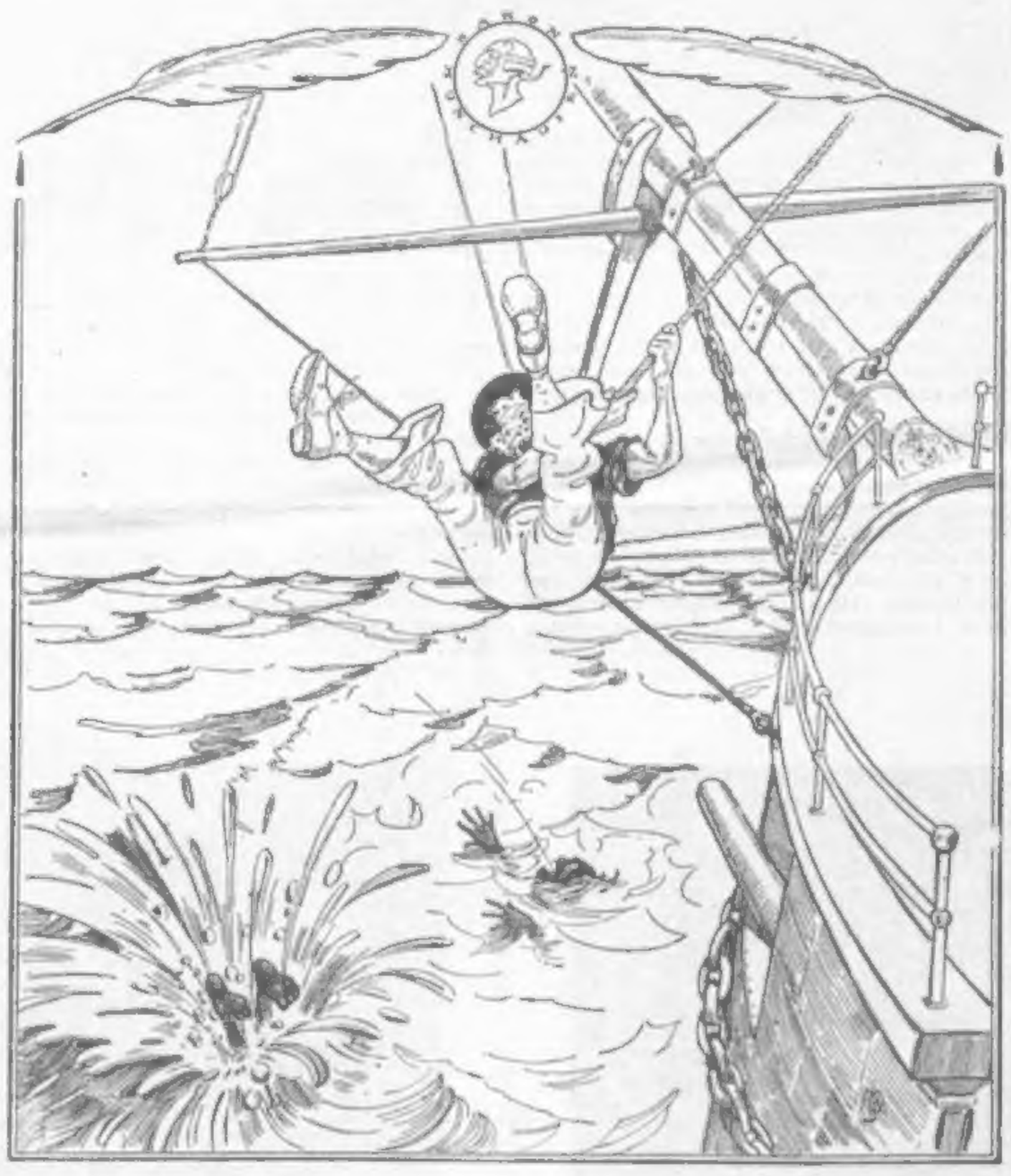
"I've met them 'ere Malay pirates, too," said the ex-Sergeant of the Devonshire Blues. "I wasn't in the Army then, but belonged to a little theatrical and circus company what 'ad been playin' in Australia. We was bound for Injy in a little sailin' wessel and got becalmed in Torres Straits. The sailors at once begun to talk about pirates, and sure enough, about four in the arternoon, along come a mess of 'em and attacked the ship. We fought as well as we could, but werry soon they boarded and drove us into the cabin and shot at us whenever they got a chance, and we treated them the same.



THE BLOW SWEPT THEM OFF INTO THE SEA

"There was one of 'em who could talk Henglish, and he got our clown terrible 'ot by makin' fun of our fat woman, who was engaged to be married to the clown.

"Arter a while, we 'eerd the pirates choppin' on top of the cabin, and pretty soon there was a 'ole there and they threw in a fire-pot. We put it out, and blowed off the pirate's 'ead what looked in to see 'ow it worked.

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"'Can't scare 'em fightin',' said the Captain. 'Them fellers believe that the time for 'em to die is all arranged by fate, and they ain't afraid to die; but if you could work on their superstitions——'

"'I can,' said the clown. 'There's that helephant we 'ave in the show. I'm the front legs and Smith the 'ind legs.'

"'Them fellers 'ave seen 'erds and 'erds of helephants,' said the Captain.

"'Well, they never saw a devil. Johnson can put on his devil's rig. I just want to get 'old of that Henglish-speakin' willain that sits there on the ladder goin' up the mast, makin' fun of Sally Jane.'

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"Johnson put on his devil's clothes and he was hawful. The clown and Smith got into the helephant, for the clown wanted something to do, and with a big burst of red and green light we opened the cabin door and out pranced the devil and the helephant.

"Some of the pirates leaped overboard when they see the devil, but most of 'em stood their ground until they see that there helephant take arter that Henglish-speakin' pirate, climb right up the ladder arter 'im, and knock 'im off the cross-trees. Then, with yells of wild fear, they took to their boats and flew for 'ome."

"Were any of the crew hurt?" asked the storekeeper.

"No; but they killed an officer of the law who 'ad come aboard to attach the show's property the day we left Melbourne and accidentally got sailed away with."

"My first and only experience with Eastern pirates——" said the book-agent.

"Selling books to the pirates?" asked the Rhode Islander who had been in the French Navy. "Sunday-school books, I suppose."

"I was selling books. It was the Lives of the Three Mrs. Hudsons, which the Board of Foreign Missions recommended as an excellent thing for the Eastern trade. But as the heathen hardly ever read more than the title they imbibed the idea that the Rev. Gehosaphat Hudson was a polygamist, and so contracted an erroneous opinion of Christianity. In the end I was ordered to stop selling the books, and was left stranded in Siam.

"I naturally began to look about for some way of making money. It wasn't long before I hit on a scheme. It was to smuggle a lot of fine diamonds into the United States. Diamonds are cheap in Siam, which is one of the principal diamond countries of the world, and, by avoiding the thirty-three per cent. revenue tax on 'em I would make a big profit on 'em in the United States.

"We purchased a peck of uncut diamonds and a few quarts of rubies and emeralds, and disposed of them around inside a collection of stuffed birds, and snakes in alcohol, and plaster-of-paris images of heathen gods, made by the merchant's oldest boy on Saturday. Then we chartered a schooner, and, with six Lascars and one American beside myself, set sail for America.

"We had kept our doings a secret, though the merchant had told his wife, and, as we left the land, I didn't suppose there was a person in the Kingdom of Siam outside of his family who knew anything about our little project. But to fool anybody who might think our vessel was too lightly loaded, the hold was full of empty boxes and barrels.

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"But we hadn't gone far from land when I discovered that the merchant's wife had blabbed; for sixty-four of the empty barrels contained pirates. They had smuggled themselves aboard at the wharf,—an old trick of Eastern pirates,—and, as soon as we were away from land, out they swarmed; tore open all the stuffed birds, drank the alcohol the snakes was in, ripped open the snakes, smashed the heathen gods, and got the peck of diamonds and the several quarts of rubies and emeralds.

"The crew and I were expecting to be killed every minute, but the pirates were only common land-thieves, who didn't know anything about running a ship, and so they didn't dare kill us. They gave us orders to 'bout ship and land them at a little village on the coast, and then we could go where we pleased. We were about to do this when we perceived an American man-of-war not far away.

"In spite of our efforts, however, the man-of-war overtook us and sent two boats' crews aboard. I was scared as I could be, but was quickly relieved by seeing those pirates swallow the diamonds and other precious stones. The sailors carefully searched the vessel, but there was nothing wrong, besides, they had been looking for a vessel with a crew of eight, and this one had seventy-two aboard. It wasn't the one they were looking for, so they went away and we were out of danger.

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"While we had been running away from the man-of-war, we had gone so far that the pirates had lost all reckoning of where we were, so instead of turning around, we just yawed a little and went on, my project being to put in at some port in the East Indies and turn the pirates over to the authorities. But the pirate chief smelled a rat.

"'It's about time we saw land, isn't it?" asked he suspiciously.

"'I reckon so,' said I; and just then I perceived a dim, bluish cloud lying low on the southern horizon. 'That looks like land dead ahead,' said I.

"'So it does,' said the pirate with a relieved sigh. 'I was beginning to think you were playing a trick on us and were going south instead of north.'

"I was glad that the chief had caused me to notice the cloud, for I could see that a big storm was brewing. As it was, we didn't get the sails in any too soon. In half an hour we were in a regular typhoon, and the schooner was dancing and jumping like mad. In no time at all those poor landlubber pirates were deathly sick, and the chief and a couple of others rushed to the side of the vessel. The best diamonds I had were gone.

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"'Let the vessel rip,' I shouted, calling all the crew except the man at the wheel. 'Tie those pirates and throw 'em in the cabin. The diamonds will all be in the sea in ten minutes.'

"We had no trouble in binding the pirates, they were so sick, and when the storm ceased, which it did in half an hour, I had all the diamonds in my possession,—except those the chief and two others had swallowed,—and the pirates were in the barrels again with the heads nailed on tight."

"What became of the pirates?" asked the storekeeper.

"I sold 'em as slaves to one of the rajahs of Borneo," said the book-agent. "I didn't want to bother with having 'em arrested as pirates. Besides, you see, there would have been no money in it."

EDITOR'S NOTE—Five separate papers will appear in The Modern Munchausen series, by Wardon Allan Curtis. The first to be published are:

I—The Toughness of the African Skull,	November 12
II—Famous Kings We Have Met,	November 26
III—Thrilling Encounters With Storms,	December 10
IV—Our Experiences With Pirates,	January 21

ARTISTS WITH SPECIALTIES

PAPER No. III

BROWN
AND HIS BOOTBLACKS

By George Henry Payne

IT WAS a warm spring afternoon, and the artist had sent away his model and was sitting in a cool corner of the studio, smoking his pipe and mentally criticising the day's performance.

"Mr. Brown?" A visitor had entered, for in this studio the door is left open with utter disregard for formality.

"Yes, that's my name."

"Do you know me?"

The artist eyed his questioner closely. He saw a well-dressed man of about the middle age. He was evidently wealthy; in all probability he had come to buy a picture, and it hurt the artist to the quick to feel that he could not place him.

With an amused smile, the visitor handed Mr. Brown one of his cards, but still his memory was weak.

"Do you remember a ragged little chap named ————, who wanted to pose for your bootblack pictures years ago?"

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"The moment he said who he was it all came back to me like a flash," said Mr. Brown, in telling me of this afterward. "A bright little chap he was, too; but for some reason or another I didn't select him from the troop of youngsters that used to come regularly to see if I wanted a model."

"And were you not disappointed that he wasn't a buyer?" I asked half jestingly.

"Indeed, I wasn't. I felt as though I had met some one I had been wanting to meet for years. It seems this little fellow had gone West and become one of San Francisco's wealthy men. He had always remembered me, and, on this occasion, his first trip to the East, he had looked me up."

There are few men who are personally more agreeable to meet than J. G. Brown, the painter of bootblacks. His pictures have made him known from one end of the country to the other. They have brought him no little pecuniary reward, and today, when you go into the studio that he has occupied for the past thirty years, you are met by a well-preserved, almost athletic looking man of about sixty-seven years, with a kindly manner that wins you at once. The pleasant gleam in the eye, the thick, curly, gray beard, gives the man a distinctive air.

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He begins to paint about ten in the morning, and works along, with a short interval for lunch, until three o'clock. Then he opens his door wide, and, no matter who you are or what you want, you can walk into the studio and be sure of a pleasant word from the popular artist. After you have once met him you associate him with the fumes of tobacco smoke, a thick, but musical, Scottish voice, and a knack of reminiscencing.

"How did you come to paint bootblacks?" I asked one day, after we had spent some time gossiping about the day's work.

"Oh, I dropped into it. I always was fond of children, and, when I first started as a 'real artist,' I used to paint children at play in the country. I painted both girls and boys then, and by-and-by I noticed that the boys sold more than the girls. Then I got some newsboys to pose for me, and I sold those pictures so quickly that I had all I could do to supply those who wanted pictures of that kind. I get letters from all sorts of people about my pictures, and I generally know just how the public feels about my work."

This, indeed, is something not every artist can say. As a rule, the public pays very little attention to the work of an artist. It is seen, admired or disliked, and then forgotten; but when you mention the name of Brown, you will generally find that one of his pictures is immediately recalled. The reason is simple. The artist is not showing a *tour de force* of technique, and he is not exhibiting his powers as a colorist or draughtsman. He has picked out a scene from the daily life of the little vagrants of the street, sometimes pathetic and sometimes amusing, but at all times interesting.

J. G. BROWN

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For over twenty years Mr. Brown has been painting these gamins, and has become quite an expert in bootblacks. A simple glance at a boy reveals to him the urchin's nature, character, past and future history. Shameful as it may seem, Mr. Brown is fond of bad bootblacks. He doesn't like "good little boys," with clean faces and irreproachable manners. The boys know this, and they are not backward in warning off any "dudes" who may be contemplating a visit to "Brown's."

"How did you get your models, Mr. Brown?" I asked.

"Well, when I first began to paint the boys it was rather difficult. They thought that I was 'guying' them when I said I would pay them to come to sit quiet for a few hours. As one little fellow said, not so long ago, it was too much of a 'cinch' to be true.

"When my first few models were seen to leave the studio alive and with no broken bones, there was naturally a 'run on the bank.' I used to think that the people downtown must be going with very muddy boots, as the little fellows would come to me in troops. When they got used to me and began to see what I wanted, they would bring the right boys themselves."

Once a model of his who had served for a picture was told that another boy was wanted for a group. He said that he would bring his "fren" the next day. "Mick's chum's no good," contemptuously remarked another urchin when Mick had gone.

"No?" said the artist, "and why not?"

"Oh! 'cause. He only sells papers in the afternoon. He's a dude."

And quite right was the critic. The proposed model appeared the next day with a clean face, clean hands and well-arranged necktie! He was very promptly sent home.

Once when the artist was downtown hunting for models he saw as dirty a specimen of the genus as he had ever seen. The original design of his trousers was lost in an amazing series of excisions and emendations, and his coat would have made Joseph of the Scriptures shrivel up with envy. With the ardor of a man who has made a new discovery, the artist pounced on the urchin, and, after long explanations, finally got him to agree to come to the studio at ten the next morning. But lo! and behold! the next day a brand new suit had replaced the tattered garments, the face was as sunshine in its brilliant cleanliness, and his hair was neatly curled!

"I had to laugh when he came in," said Mr. Brown; "I would almost have sworn that he had had a three-hour session with a hair-dresser. And he was so serious. You would have thought that the nine-year-old chap had been asked to pose for a picture of the Apollo Belvedere.

"What I want to get," he continued, "is the untutored little fellow. The boy who takes off his hat when he comes in the studio I regard with suspicion and distrust, and the boy who says 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir,' makes me feel really sad.

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"I told that to a lady one time, and she was very much shocked. She had bought several of my pictures, and prized them very highly, but she thought that I did very wrong in selecting the bad urchins, when the good little boys would have been encouraged to continue in their righteous ways if I had chosen them. You see how false that point of view is. My pictures are scenes from the lives that these little fellows regularly lead. A hard life it is, but I don't think every one realizes what sturdy, manly little fellows it produces. Their ideas of right and wrong are not very clearly defined, but you'll generally find that they have the primitive virtues,—love of animals, a sense of justice, and an inclination to defend the weak."

One can readily imagine that the admiration of the artist for his boys is reciprocated. The "old man" is regarded as a sort of *deus ex machina*, the fount and source of all earthly and heavenly joys. Aside from the large financial rewards which his name conjures up, his kindly manner, his patience with them, his interest in their troubles, and his not infrequent aid when those troubles touch home, have made him seem like a being who moves the earth all wonders to perform.

Apropos of this, a gentleman who was interested in some Mulberry Bend characters, and who occasionally instructed a Sunday class on the principles of righteousness, told me of an incident some time ago that amused Mr. Brown greatly when it was told to him

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The volunteer instructor had been trying to broaden the ideas of his youthful and not altogether promising pupils. He had explained the rewards for the good and the punishments for the bad, and had ended by saying: "Men whose lives are honest and praiseworthy, etc., go to Heaven, and those whose lives are sinful go to the other place."

"And where do artists go?" asked one youth.

"Artists!" exclaimed the surprised teacher.

"Yes; fellers like J. G. Brown?"

The youngster probably thought that men who paid little boys considerable money for simply sitting still were deserving of more than the rewards of Paradise.

There is no living American artist whose career should appeal more to the broad American public than that of J. G. Brown. It is a career of the kind that appeals to the American especially, because it is the kind

YOU LOOK LIKE ME

PEGGED OUT

that has made the American citizen distinctive from those of all other countries.

It is a familiar story: natural endowment, backed by pluck, grit and determination, winning its way to the front in spite of innumerable and at times insuperable difficulties. The charm of it all is to find this fine old man resting on his laurels and dwelling in half-reminiscent fashion on those early struggles.

As a rule, you will find that the boys who predominate in Brown's pictures have a bright, wide-awake look (the stupid, sullen ones are absent), and frequently, too, there is a keen appreciation of humor shown in some of their pranks.

When he was thirteen, John Brown was already working in a glass factory in Newcastle-on-Tyne. He must have been a mere infant when he began to draw heads and copy newspaper pictures; and when it was decided to put him to work he was anxious to be put under an engraver; but his father, a small town English lawyer, wanted him to do something useful, and so to the glass factory he was sent.

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There was a school of design at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and, after a long day spent in the factory (and something eaten on his way from the factory), the ambitious boy would take his place with others of the night class. When he reached twenty-one he had completed his apprenticeship, and was a master glassworker. He was able to earn his living, but in those seven years of hard work and study he had come into a knowledge of what art was, and what he might be.

"Wasn't there any regret that your efforts had not been encouraged and your years at the factory turned to better account?" I asked.

"No; I had a trade that would always enable me to

AN AWFUL YARN

FROM MY GAL

live, and, if I could do that, I felt that I could easily do something more."

Useless regrets he had nothing to do with; he felt that he was made for better things, and, in his quiet, uncomplaining way, he was going to do those "better things," no matter what the obstacles might be.

He went to Edinburgh. As before, his days were spent in a factory and his evenings at Royal Academy schools. From there he drifted to London. He worked in a glass factory again, and painted his first portrait for eight dollars.

It is interesting to hear the artist talk of his first desire to come to America.

"I had got so that I would paint a couple of eight-dollar portraits a week, and so not absolutely without friends. He was in a strange country, of which he knew very little, if anything. Much as he loved his art, and much as he wished to work at it, he knew that he was not yet strong enough to earn his living by it. As a glassworker, he knew that he would find no superiors, and so, the very first day that he was here, he went to a glass factory and immediately secured employment. The next night he made inquiries as to where he could get art instruction, and within the week he was enrolled as a student of the Academy of Design.

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He worked his way up just as he had in London, filling such portrait orders as he could get among his friends. There was not much money in this at first, but finally an art dealer on Fulton Street, Brooklyn, saw some of his pictures, liked them, and placed them in his window. They were soon bought. He painted some more, and these, too, found purchasers. Brown now gave up his position in the glass factory.

He liked his employer so well, however, and his employer liked him so well, that, when he left, he took with him as wife his employer's daughter, Miss Owens. About a year later there was a panic, and the Owens family lost all their money. What help the artist had received from that source was cut off, while new responsibilities came to burden him.

Fortunately, at this time, his pictures were becoming known and looked for. There were pictures of children, showing children at play, children in sorrow, children in the city, and children in the country. He was particularly successful in obtaining the effect of sunlight in country scenes, sometimes combining the sunlight of Nature with the sunlight of the children's countenances in a way that made his work much desired.

People remembered him, and called him the "Child Painter."

One of his earliest friends, and one who was best able to help him, was Samuel P. Avery, the famous art collector, who saw Brown's ability as a draughtsman, and encouraged him in more ways than one. He became acquainted with Boughton and other famous artists of thirty years ago, readily made friends with them, and, finding himself in the artistic "swim," he moved to New York and took a studio in the old Studio Building, on Tenth Street. John Sherwood, the owner of the Sherwood Building, saw one of Brown's pictures one day, and said:

"Brown, paint me one of those boys and I will give you $500."

CONFIDENTIAL

From that time J. G. Brown had no difficulty in selling his pictures for good prices.

In 1862, Mr. Brown was elected an associate member of the Academy of Design, where only nine years before he had been a student at the night school. The year following he was elected a full member. For the past nine years the members of the Water Color Society have made him their President, a tribute alike to man and artist.

Editor's Note—This article, Brown and His Bootblacks, is the third in the Post's series of Artists With Specialties, by George Henry Payne. As planned at present, the series includes:

I—Woolf and His Waifs
II—Dolph and His Cats
III—Brown and His Bootblacks
IV—Mosler and His Peasants

WIT OF THE CHILDREN

The Silver Lining.—Mother: "That naughty boy went swimming when his mother told him not to, and he was drowned." Willie: "But he didn't get any whipping!"

Not in the Play.—Said an indignant mother to her little son: "Why did you strike little Elsie, you naughty boy?" Dick, indignant in his turn: "What did she want to cheat for, then?" "How did she cheat?" asked mamma, more mildly. "Why," explained Dick, "we were playing at Adam and Eve, and she had the apple to tempt me with, and she never tempted me, but went and ate it all up herself."

How Grace Met the Situation.—Willie (regretfully): "I'd like just awfully to kiss you, Gracie, but I s'pect it wouldn't do. You know your mamma said you mustn't never kiss the boys." Gracie: "Yes; that's what she said. That is, it's about what she said. I 'member just as well. She says to me, she says: 'Gracie, don't you ever let me see you kissin' the boys.' Mamma, she's gone over to Mrs. Bilby's."

A Different Condition.—A small boy in one of Marshall Field's stores in Chicago approached his employer and asked for an advance in salary. "How much are you getting a week now?" asked the merchant. "Four dollars and a half, sir." "And how old are you?" "Twelve, sir." "Why, my boy, at your age I wasn't paid that much." "Well, maybe you weren't worth it to the firm you was working for, but I am."

Unanimous Refusal.—A lady living in Ohio is the mother of six boys. One day a friend calling on her said: "What a pity that one of your boys had not been a girl." One of the boys, about eight years of age, overheard this remark, and promptly interposed: "I'd like to know who'd 'a' bin 'er; I wouldn't 'a' bin 'er, Ed wouldn't 'a' bin 'er, Joe wouldn't 'a' bin 'er, and I'd like to know who'd 'a' bin 'er."

The Unalterableness of a Lie.—She came to her mother with the question: "Which is worse, to tell a lie or to steal?" The mother, taken by surprise, replied that both were so bad that she couldn't tell which was worse. "Well," said the little one, "I've been thinking a good deal about it, and I think that it is worse to lie than to steal. If you steal a thing you can take it back, unless you've eaten it; and then you can pay for it. But," and there was a look of awe in the little face, "a lie is forever."

Defining a Miracle.—Sunday-school teacher: "Jennie, do you know what a miracle is?" Jennie: "Yes'm; my ma says if you don't marry our new minister it will be a miracle."

Stating the Only Reason.—A noted Sunday-school worker, living in Kansas, was once asked to talk to the children of a Sunday-school on the subject of temperance. He is very earnest in the cause, and wears a bit of blue ribbon as a badge of his principles. Rising before the school, he spoke to them a while, then, in conclusion, pointed to his bit of blue ribbon and said: "Now, can any of you children give me a reason why I am not a drunkard?" There was no reply for a moment; then a childish little voice in the extreme rear of the room piped out clearly: "'Cause this is a prohibition town."

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WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN, Editor

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Worry, the Great American Disease

WORRY is the most popular form of suicide. Worry impairs appetite, disturbs sleep, makes respiration irregular, spoils digestion, irritates disposition, warps character, weakens mind, stimulates disease, and saps bodily health. It is the real cause of death in thousands of instances where some other disease is named in the death certificate. Worry is mental poison; work is mental food.

When a child's absorption in his studies keeps him from sleeping, or when he tosses and turns from side to side, muttering the multiplication table or spelling words aloud, when sleep does come, then that child shows he is worrying. It is one of Nature's danger-signals raised to warn parents, and in mercy the parent should take a firm stand. The burden of its daily tasks should be lightened, the tension of its concentration should be lessened, the hours of its slavery to education should be cut short.

When a man or woman works over in dreams the problems of the day, when the sleeping hours are spent in turning the kaleidoscope of the day's activities, then there is either overwork or worry, and most likely it is the worry that comes from overwork. The Creator never intended a healthy mind to dream of the day's duties. Either dreamless sleep or dreams of the past should be the order of the night.

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When the spectre of one grief, one fear, one sorrow, obtrudes itself between the eye and the printed page; when the inner voice of this irritating memory, or fear, looms up so loud as to deaden outside voices, there is danger to the individual. When all day, every hour, every moment, there is the dull, insistent, numb pain of something that makes itself felt through, above and below all our other thinking, we must know that we are worrying. Then there is but one thing to do,—we must stop that worry; we must kill it.

The wise men of this wondrous century have made great discoveries in their interviews with Nature. They have discovered that everything that has been created has its uses. They will teach you not to assassinate flies with paper coated with sweetened glue, for "the flies are Nature's scavengers." They will tell you just what are the special duties and responsibilities of each of the microscopic microbes with telescopic names. In their wildest moods of scientific enthusiasm they may venture to persuade you into believing that even the *mosquito* serves some real purpose in Nature, but no man that has ever lived can say a good word about worry.

Worry is forethought gone to seed. Worry is discounting possible future sorrows so that the individual may have present misery. Worry is the father of insomnia. Worry is the traitor in our camp that dampens our powder, weakens our aim. Under the guise of helping us to bear the present, and to be ready for the future, worry multiplies enemies within our own mind to sap our strength.

Worry is the dominance of the mind by a single vague, restless, unsatisfied, fearing and fearful idea. The mental energy and force that should be concentrated on the successive duties of the day is constantly and surreptitiously abstracted and absorbed by this one fixed idea. The full, rich strength of the *unconscious* working of the mind, that which produces our best success, that represents our finest activity, is tapped, led away and wasted on worry.

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Worry must not be confused with anxiety, though both words agree in meaning, originally, a "choking," or a "strangling," referring, of course, to the throttling effect upon individual activity. Anxiety faces large issues of life seriously, calmly, with dignity. Anxiety always suggests hopeful possibility; it is active in being ready, and devising measures to meet the outcome. Worry is not one large individual sorrow; it is a colony of petty, vague, insignificant, restless imps of fear, that become important only from their combination, their constancy, their iteration.

When Death comes, when the one we love has passed from us, and the silence and the loneness and the emptiness of all things make us stare dry-eyed into the future, we give ourselves up, for a time, to the agony of isolation. This is not a petty worry we must kill ere it kills us. This is the awful majesty of sorrow that mercifully benumbs us, though it may later become, in the mysterious working of omnipotence, a re-baptism and a re-generation. It is the worry *habit*, the magnifying of petty sorrows to eclipse the sun of happiness, against which I here make protest.

To cure worry, the individual must be his own physician; he must give the case heroic treatment. He must realize, with every fibre of his being, the utter, absolute uselessness of worry. He must not think this is commonplace,—a bit of mere theory; it is a reality that he must translate for himself from mere words to a real, living fact. He must understand that if he spend a whole series of eternities in worry, it would not change the fact one jot nor tittle. It is a time for action, not worry, because worry paralyzes thought and action, too. If you set down a column of figures in addition, no amount of worry can change the sum total of those figures. That result is wrapped up in the inevitability of mathematics. The result can be made different only by changing the figures as they are set down in that column.

The one time that a man cannot afford to worry is when he *does* worry. Then he is facing, or imagines he is, a critical turn in affairs. This is the time when he needs one hundred per cent. of his mental energy to make his plans quickly, to see what is his wisest decision, to keep a clear eye on the sky and on his course, and a firm hand on the helm until he has weathered the storm.

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There are two reasons why man should not worry, either one of which must operate in every instance. First, because he *cannot* prevent the results he fears. Second, because he *can* prevent them. If he is powerless to avert the blow, he needs perfect mental concentration to meet it bravely, to lighten its force, to get what salvage he can from the wreck, to sustain his strength at this time when he must plan a new future. If he *can* prevent the evil he fears, then he has no need to worry, for he would by so doing be dissipating energy in his hour of need.

If man does, day by day, ever the best he can by the light he has, he has no need to fear, no need to regret, no need to worry. No agony of worry would do aught to help him. Neither mortal nor angel can do more than his best. If we look back upon our past life we will see how, in the marvelous working of events, the cities of our greatest happiness and of our fullest success have been built along the rivers of our deepest sorrows, our most abject failures. We then realize that our present happiness or success would have been impossible had it not been for some terrible affliction or loss in the past,—some wondrous potent force in the evolution of our character or our fortune. This should be a wondrous stimulus to us in bearing the trials and sorrows of life.

To cure one's self of worry is not an easy task; it is not to be removed in two or three applications of the quack medicine of any cheap philosophy, but it requires only clear, simple, common-sense applied to the business of life. Man has no right to waste his own energies, to weaken his own powers and influence, for he has inalienable duties to himself, to his family, to society, and to the world. —THE EDITOR.

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Maxims the Refuge of Cowards

CORNER a wild animal, it will fight; corner a man in an argument, he will seek refuge in a maxim. Maxims have outgrown their usefulness. But they form admirable excuses for the cowardly and shiftless.

The fault lies not so much in the maxim as in its misapplication. "Make hay while the sun shines" is all right for the farmer, but as a broad business rule it fails sadly. The photographer found that for him to succeed in his business the sun must shine all the time,—that on dark days he must make light, so he used electricity.

In the workaday world too many think that haymaking time begins at the last stroke of seven and ends at the first stroke of six. As well might a musician expect to become great by practicing a few hours and then for the remainder of the day devoting himself to something else. The man who has learned the science of his calling, who is mastering the art of his profession, and is aiming for success, knows no "business hours." His calling is an integral part of himself. When he is not actively engaged in it he is thinking about it, planning, devising new methods, systematizing it. To the man who is in love with his business, the sun shines always; every waking moment is haymaking time.

But a man may have taken up some line of activity only to find that it is not congenial to him,—that he can never like it, and hence never succeed. He makes a change. Old heads shake doubtfully; we are told that "a rolling stone gathers no moss." Why should a stone gather moss? Is its supreme end on earth to become mossgrown? Rather is its mission to keep free from this foreign growth, to show its natural strength and beauty. That man is farseeing who moves before the moss of circumstances has become too heavy. The man who knows when to change his course is far wiser than he who pushes blindly ahead. The Captain who did not change his course in the recent storm was responsible for the loss of the Portland and all on board. The men who have changed their policies, who have seen greater possibilities in some new line of action,—these have been the great leaders in Church and State.

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Ask the man who is making a mere living, who is not fitted for his work, who has not the courage to change, why he plods along at his slow pace; he will tell you he is satisfied to "let well enough alone." Had this been adopted as a universal rule of life there would have been no civilization. We would now be roaming the forest like wild animals.

The men who have led in art, in science, in mechanics, in education, in invention, have been men who have struggled to rise above the well enough, who have endeavored to realize a better, and to more nearly approach the best. Time was when trades were handed down from father to son through many generations, and he who started on a new line of activity was frowned upon and disowned. It is so to-day in China,—and that vast Empire is scarcely semi-civilized.

We are living in a land of growth along every line. Even now a great hue and cry is being raised because as a nation we are breaking away from the well-enough Monroe doctrine and launching out on a policy of territorial expansion.

Life is growth; death is stagnation. The well-enough stage is the first symptom of death, be it physical, mental or moral. A healthful dissatisfaction with existing affairs is the first step in advancement.

The young man who is anxious to leave the beaten track of his fathers and blaze a new path for himself should be given every encouragement, offered every inducement, afforded every opportunity. That desire carried out gave us a Newton, a Watts, a Howe, a Bessemer, an Edison. The young man who is honestly dissatisfied with the world as he finds it, who accepts his surroundings only as a means by which he may attain something higher, who desires to better mankind by bettering himself, is a man with a future. He is a good man to watch, for whether he becomes famous or not he will succeed. Temporary failure to such a one is only an incentive to renewed effort. Avoid that man who is satisfied "to let well enough alone."

The fixed purpose to succeed, irrespective of means,—be they honorable, of course,—will bring success. If the achievement of that end necessitates changes, make them. Drop the rolling-stone fallacy, avoid the well-enough theory, make hay all the time. —EDGAR SMILEY NASH.

* * *

The Invasion of the Dinner

FOR some years there has been a growing complaint in society that the dinner hours grow longer and later. Whether this is owing to larger appetites and slower digestion, or to the least of reason which is thrust delightfully in between each course, we shall not attempt to decide, but the fact remains that late and prolonged dinners have come to be a disturbance of theatrical entertainment and generally a bar to other evening festivities.

The dining hour has moved steadily on from five o'clock to six and seven, and no one now pretends that the proper function of a dinner can be exercised in less than an hour or two. Anything like haste is totally out of the question with good form, and the dinner table is the one place left where brevity is not the soul of wit. The consequence is that fashionable folk are in danger of becoming in some sort a popular nuisance to all other folk who have to wait till they have deliberately dined. This is seen at the opera and the play, for they insist upon arriving in the middle of the first act, when everybody else is trying his best to get the preliminaries of the plot carefully fixed in his mind.

It is very unfortunate that so delightful a function as eating and drinking *à la mode* should be suffered to fall into the same category as the fashionable hat, and be considered an obstruction. But the general tendency in society to make dinner the event of the day is having this effect.

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An unexpected result of it came to light not long ago here in Philadelphia. A protest came from one hundred society ladies that all social entertainments, and especially balls and dancing parties, were being shoved on to unseemly hours by the tardiness of the guests in arriving. They did not say that the late dinner was responsible for this, but then they were not going into causes,—only contemplating effects as seen in their own mirrors. A consensus of opinion among these ladies seems to be that some restrictions must be put upon the dinner, and there is an imputation in their gentle reproaches that the men are responsible for the disinclination to leave the dining table. One lady remarked casually, as if she were uttering a truism, that when a man is eating he forgets everything else, except the drinking.

This is probably only relatively true when man is compared with woman, whose appetites, as everybody knows, are under much better control, but it will be very apt to call forth the rejoinder from the brute that the delay is not in the eating, but in the toilette that precedes the eating. A dinner can, by some processes at once barbarous and unseemly, be squeezed, like a sermon, into an hour, but what lady can dress for dinner in that time? And the world has not yet reached that nihilistic condition that would prohibit a woman from dressing for dinner.

But once at the table, why should there not be a code of deglutition, or a time-table, established? We have seen this done at intellectual banquets, where the ladies were rigidly held down to fifteen minutes' discourse. Might not the *carte* announce: "Five minutes for oysters; three minutes for soup," and let the bell ring without appeal?

This might be reminiscent of the old-fashioned railway lunch, but much would depend upon the tact of the hostess or moderator in cutting off rum omelette and raspberry cream, and calling time on sherry. It would at least keep before the mind of the diner the relativity of other duties in life, and he would ask himself conscientiously, "How much time have I for fish, and what is the limit on sweetbreads?"

By some such arrangement, society, which threatens to totter on its menu under the invasion of the appetite, might begin to regulate its pleasures with some reference to neatness and dispatch. —NYM CRINKLE (A. C. WHEELER).

* * *

What Shall We Do With Our Success?

THE young man of the present usually accepts without question the popular theory that there are three objects the attainment of which is happiness,—love, fame and riches. He starts with sanguine ambition for one or all of them, but proceeds only a short distance when doubts confront him.

The sentimental literature of the day, he observes, is filled with morbid evidence of the insufficiency of love, and he receives hints of similar conditions from many people of experience whom he meets. Now and then comes to him a voice like that of Horace Greeley of old, who, standing on the heights, proclaimed, "Fame is a vapor, popularity an accident." He sees among the rich some striving desperately to be richer, others wandering about the earth with no purpose but to wander, still others seeking trivialities, in a frenzied way, with which to break the monotony of affluence.

He sees that these, who have everything they desire, yearn feverishly for a new desire. Then he asks himself, "Are these things worth the while? Is it wise to pursue what the world advertises as happiness, but gives out as disappointment?"

Lucky is it for the youngster if, in this emergency, he possesses the clear vision which enables him to take the look beyond. That look reveals beyond love the high uses to which love should be put, beyond fame the adequate employment of fame, beyond riches the art of utilizing riches.

He sees that the world's error lies in a confusion of terms,—that neither of the three great prizes is happiness itself,—that even love, the greatest, is but a means. It is revealed to him that men and women find only a shudder in success because they have never thought to educate themselves in the employment of it,—that, gaining the prize, they have stood stupidly eyeing it until it has crumbled to ashes.

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And so, if he is wise enough to apply the revelation, the young man resumes his career toward a new and farther horizon. He resolves that if he shall achieve love he will so employ it as to perpetuate it. If fame shall come, he will employ it for the common good, and seek new ambitions, new inspirations, that it may not clog upon his heart.

And so with riches. He will not wait to be sated with their mere possession, but will make their enjoyment an art by reducing their employment to a science.

To him will at last have come the solution of the long-hidden secret of how to be successful with success.

—FREDERICK NYE.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" THAT ARE MAKING HISTORY

America the Fifth Great Colonial Power of the World

Omitting the Island of Cuba, which is being administered as a trust, the United States now ranks as the fifth Power in the world in the matter of the population and value of its colonial possessions

Great Britain leads all the nations in the extent and value of her colonial possessions, and Victoria, as Queen of England and Empress of India, rules over a greater colonial population than is subject to all the other nations combined

France comes second, counting colonies, dependencies and protectorates, Germany is third, having less than half the colonial area of France, and being represented principally in Africa. Holland ranks fourth, and has a particular colonial treasure in Java [illegible] of the most productive and best g[illegible]d colonies in the world

Spain has within a few months been forced from fifth place to one that is as yet difficult to determine, and the United States, by a process which President McKinley denominates destiny, has become a colonial Power and taken the place formerly held by Spain

What Spain Spent in Her Effort to Save Cuba

It is doubtful if the world will ever be informed of the true cost of the Spanish effort to hold on to Cuba during the last three years. A French statement, tending to show that it was not worth while to sacrifice so many lives and so much money simply to retain a thoroughly disaffected territor[illegible] probably the clearest [illegible]

In March, 1895, whe[illegible] broke out, there were about 12,000 Spanish soldiers on that island. Up to June, 1898, Spain sent there over 187,000 high officials, officers and soldiers. The total losses of this large Army, by far the greater part from yellow fever and other diseases, exceeded 103,000 men, or more than half.

Excluding losses in property, ships, merchandise, indemnities, and other items impossible to estimate, the money cost of this three years' campaign was upward of $350,000,000. The expenditures from January 1 to June 3 last year alone amounted to $89,000,000. It is these appalling figures that have reconciled Spain in a large measure to the loss of the island.

China After Her Criminals Who Have Fled to the United States

The offer of the Chinese Government to negotiate an extradition treaty with the United States, with the ultimate view of suppressing the "highbinders" living here, is a matter of greater importance to both countries than appears on first announcement

"Highbinders" is an American name for the members of a number of Chinese secret societies that originated in China upward of two hundred years ago. Among the Chinese they are known as "hatchet men." They constitute powerful, oath bound organizations; their chief object is levying blackmail; their means are secret murder and threats.

For many years the "highbinders" have been the terror of the Chinese communities in San Francisco and elsewhere on the Pacific slope, and, as they respect only their own rules, they have made infinite trouble for local civil authorities

China, for her own reputation and through her consuls, has done much within the last five years toward controlling them. She now offers to bear the cost of their detection and transportation to China, where they would meet a summary disposal, if the United States will officially cooperate with her.

Organized Labor Makes an Attack on Trade Schools

Last summer the POST noted the efforts of the municipal and ecclesiastical authorities of Boston to dispose of the first century's accretions of the fund bequeathed the city by Benjamin Franklin in a manner that would most closely carry out the intentions of the donor

Nearly every educational institution in the State asked for all or a part of the fund, and almost countless organizations proposed means for utilizing it. At length those having the fund in charge decided to use it for the establishment of a great trades school

Now, representatives of the various labor organizations are making a strong attack on this decision, claiming, in general, that such an institution would be a post[illegible] [illegible] brought into close [illegible] constantly arising new forces in the labor world by means of technical lectures

A strongly put allegation was that the market was already flooded with skilled labor, that skilled labor was constantly being thrown out of employment for lack of work; and that because of these facts workmen would always oppose trade schools that throw inexperienced youth into the labor market

Plan to Promote the Commerce of the United States

The first step toward the reorganization and enlargement of the merchant marine service of the United States, to enable it to more fully meet the new requirements of the country, has been taken by the introduction into both Houses of Congress of a bill granting subsidies for American shipping.

The bill is based on the systems by which the merchant marine services of the most progressive commercial nations of the world have been successfully built up [illegible] that in general involve direct compensation by the Government.

Under it owners of vessels carrying the American flag, and engaged in foreign commerce, will receive compensation graduated according to the tonnage and speed of the vessels. One fourth of the navigating crews must be citizens of the United States, and each vessel must carry a certain number of American boy apprentices who shall be taught navigation

The provisions of the Act of 1892, concerning American registry of foreign built vessels, are extended to all similar vessels owned by American citizens. Vessels built under the proposed Act are prohibited from engaging in the coast trade or fishing, and in time of war all vessels which have been benefited by this Act may be used by the Government for cruisers, transports, etc.

Notable Industrial Changes in New England and the South

Several times during the past summer the POST contrasted the conditions of cotton and woolen manufacture in the New England States and in several favored sections of the South. At that time New England operators were suffering from high taxes, low prices of products and strikes, and the South seemed to be making all the money.

To-day these conditions have become reversed to a considerable degree. The Southern cotton and woolen operators are involved in a widespread strike on account of a reduction in the wage scale, while in New England generally the appreciation in wholesale values, following the upward tendency of all prime stocks and commodities, has infused a new life into the industry

The United States is Canada's Greatest Supply House

When the Joint High Commission on American Canadian affairs took its holiday recess it was stated with an air of authority that all matters in dispute between the United States and Canada were in a fair way of settlement excepting the questions of reciprocity and fishery rights

The Canadian Dominion is now working on a tariff system about a year old which quite naturally discriminates in favor of the mother country, and the Canadian members of the Commission have been anxious from the start to induce the United States to engage in a reciprocal reduction

Against these facts, and the refusal of the American Government to make such reductions as are asked, we have the broad present facts that during the last year the American exports to the Dominion were larger than ever, that the new Canadian tariff is no bar to profitable American dealings, and that the discrimination in favor of Great Britain has wrought no real disadvantage for the United States. We continue to supply Canada with much more goods than the British Empire.

Chemistry Not Yet Needed to Maintain the World's Wheat Crop

A short time ago Sir William Crookes, President of the British Association, created quite a flutter in financial circles by publicly declaring that there was an alarming deficit in the wheat area of the world, and that science must increase the supply else there would be universal starvation.

Official reports and estimates in the principal wheat producing countries show a far different situation and Sir William has been called to task for recklessness of statement and for erroneous figures used to fortify it

Combining the official reports and estimates, the United States Department of Agriculture finds that the wheat crop of the world for 1898 is the largest on record, the most conservative estimate placing it at 2,640,000,000 bushels of sixty pounds [illegible] Sir William's figure is somewhat less than [illegible] of this amount

What is more to the point is, that the United States, the United Kingdom, France, Hungary, British India, Prussia, [illegible] Canadian Provinces of Ontario and M[illegible] show a material enlargement both of ar[illegible] crop, while lesser producing sections have a proportionately encouraging outlook

Wherein Extradition Laws Defeat the Ends of Justice

A recent legal interstate complication [illegible] added another to the subjects on which uniform legislation is urgently needed in this country. The laws governing marriage, divorce and the individual property rights of married women have been pronounced subversive of a high social state time and time again.

Now, interstate extradition laws have been found to be wholly inadequate in a sensational case of wide interest. A woman in California was charged with having sent a quantity of poisoned candy to a family in Delaware, which caused the death of two persons who partook of it

Under the laws of the two States it is doubtful if the woman who deliberately sent the candy on its mission of death can be punished at all for the horrible

In California it is held that death occurred not there but in Delaware, and that punishment can only be inflicted at the place where the crime was consummated. In Delaware, it is held that the extradition laws only warrant the return of a person to a State from which he or she has fled after a crime. The criminal, in this case, was never in Delaware, and therefore cannot be extradited thither

Manual Training Urged for Indian Youth

Miss Reel, who is the first woman ever appointed superintendent of the United States Indian School system, has made an eloquent plea for the industrial education of Indian youth, and the furnishing of employment for them after graduation

She argues that, as the backbone of an education is the ability to do something, the industrial training of Indian youth should be in a line with the work that the students will find on their reservations

An attempt has been made in the reservation schools to teach the boys farming and the ordinary industrial arts, and the girls to become good housekeepers; but, it is insisted, the Government should provide larger workshop facilities and a force of technical teachers

The grand work accomplished in manual training at the Hampton, Carlisle and other non-reservation schools could be profitably initiated in the schools on the reservations

It is the opinion of experienced Indian educators that the permanent improvement of the Indian youth of to-day greatly depends on his thorough industrial training,—a breaking away from mere farming

The United States Supplies the World With Spending Money

That the phenomenal surplus of money and low rates of interest prevailing in the United States should have attracted the attention of financiers of the debt burdened nations of Europe was not surprising, but it was far out of the common practice for Governments to seek to become borrowers of American capital.

Russia and Japan are both in the market trying to negotiate loans of approximately $00,000,000 each, and American syndicates stand prepared to supply all the money they or other nations require on terms that are neither harsh nor exacting

American securities are now, and for a long time have been, prime investments for individual European capital. The tremendous amount of money due us from the world at large for our varied supplies, and the wholly unexampled prosperity of the United [illegible] in all its material concerns during [illegible] year, have gilded the edges and [illegible] [illegible] ing that the United States is feeding and clothing the world and providing it with implements of labor, not that it can now supply its Governments with what spending money they may desire.

West Virginia Restoring the Balance in Oil and Gas Production

At a time when a number of notable petroleum and natural gas regions are showing unmistakable signs of permanent exhaustion, it is interesting to find that West Virginia, heretofore chiefly remarkable for its large and rich deposits of coal, has suddenly shown its capability of restoring the balance in oil and gas production

Only a few weeks ago an oil boom struck Southern California. Speedily the city of Los Angeles became the centre of a duplication of the exciting scenes that prevailed in Western Pennsylvania a generation ago Now Parkersburg, West Virginia, is in the throes of a craze over oil and natural gas

Capital and operators are rushing to the region, and staid farmers are in a state of bewilderment over the large offerings for rentals and royalties. Within a few days the lease of a farm for which $250 was paid last summer was sub let for $100,000, and the owner found himself in receipt of royalties and rentals aggregating $20,000 per annum

A Great Mineral Find in the State of Washington

The reported discovery on Mad River, in the State of Washington, of a great ledge of remarkably rich platinum ore is a matter of much interest to the scientific world especially as this metal has never been counted among our economic products

Years ago small quantities were found at Plattsburg, New York, and Port Orchard Oregon, but in neither place were there indications of paying deposits, and in 1897 the [illegible] United States was only 150 ounces [illegible] bulk of the world's supply [illegible] Ural Mountains in Russia

Platinum has a steel gray color, and derives its great commercial value from its infusibility in the most intense heat and its insolubility under extreme conditions. It is used by chemists, jewelers, and manufacturers of incandescent electric lights and for many purposes requiring a wire that will resist intense heat. Commercially, it is worth about fifteen dollars per troy ounce.

The Passing of the Canal as a Transporter

Because of the rapid extension of railways and sharp competition, the canals of the world that are paying investments are few

The great Suez Canal had a steadily increasing tonnage from its completion in 1869 till 1891, when the highest figure was reached, and, notwithstanding its exceptional geographical advantage, its tonnage has since shown only a comparatively small change, but that change is a decrease

The American-Canadian canal, connecting Lake Superior with the lower lakes, continues to show a greater gain than the Suez waterway. In seventeen years the annual increase in its tonnage has exceeded one million tons

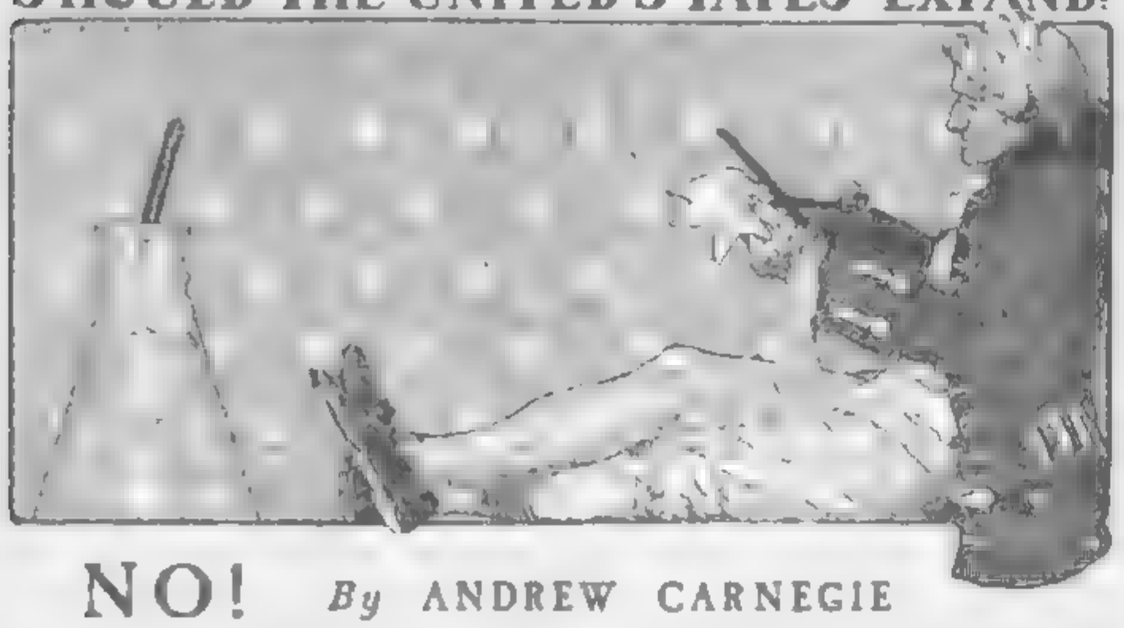
Of lesser waterways, the New York State canals have had a steady decrease in business since 1880, the Welland Canal has fallen off largely both in general freight and that of United States ports passing through it, and the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal, now in its fourth season, has made notable gains

Avenging the Massacre of American Missionaries

In the absence of an American force to deal with the assassins of our missionaries in Sierra Leone, West Africa, in May last, England sent an expedition to the scene

The bodies of several of the missionaries were recovered, and thirteen of the principal promoters of the massacre have been hung Opposition to a local hut tax led to the rebellion of a number of native chiefs, and the headquarters of the missionaries was ravaged. No cause has been assigned for the sudden hostility of the natives.

SHOULD THE UNITED STATES EXPAND?



NO! By ANDREW CARNEGIE

SECRETARY GAGE has not only told us that he is a convert to imperialism, but he has fortunately given us the reason. All that is necessary is that our public men should give reasons for the Republic's abandoning the policy which has made her great. He accepts the dangers and cost of imperialism, against his own wishes, for the sake of commercial expansion

Now, Secretary Gage has never manufactured anything, nor exported anything,—he is neither in manufacturing nor in commerce I am in both. Our concern is to-day the largest in its line in the world, and I believe it is also the largest exporter of manufactures in the United States. We have, within two years, begun to send our steel to all parts of the world. Our sales reach into the millions of dollars. We have our house in London now, as we have in New York The foreign business is growing by leaps and bounds Now, one of the reasons why I oppose imperialism,—the acquisition of the Philippines,—is commercial expansion.

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The reason that Secretary Gage gives for acquiring the Philippines is the reason why I would not. He believes that it would be favorable to commercial expansion; I know that it would be detrimental. The Secretary gives no reason for thinking that the acquisition of distant possessions would increase our foreign trade

Permit me to state reasons why it would not increase, but decrease it. Foreign trade rests upon peace and security; the waters must be calm, disturbing influences absent, to foster trade in foreign parts. Should we undertake to hold the Philippines, we immediately place the whole Republic within the zone of wars and rumors of wars; and the rumor of war, it must be remembered, is in itself absolutely destructive to commerce. France, Germany and Russia, as is well known, are opposed to America's holding any possessions in the far East

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Those nations drove Japan out of Corea; they will drive the United States out of the Philippines, always provided Britain agrees to do what she did with Japan occupy a neutral position. But I go further than this. England will require the United States to agree to keep the "open door," as she required it of Germany Of course, Germany agreed to keep the "open door" in her Eastern possessions. She wouldn't have any possessions if she had not so agreed And it will be precisely the same with the United States; for let it be carefully noted that seventy per cent. of the total trade of the Philippines is to-day British

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Suppose that President McKinley, in order to hold the Philippines at all, has to grant the "open door," where will Secretary Gage and his commercial expansion stand then? What will labor in the United States say to the recreant President? What compensation is it to have? What justification can be pleaded for paying twenty or forty millions for the Philippines, and for sacrificing the blood of our soldiers and the lives of our civil servants which were involved in this acquisition, if no advantage accrues? What answer will he make to the people upon whom he imposes additional taxation?

I think I know what the laboring masses of the United States will say to him, and to any Government that throws upon the country such sacrifices of life, and such burdens, only to open its costly acquisitions to the nations of the world If it be fair competition with other nations that we require for commercial expansion, we are certain of that already, because Britain will never permit the "open door" in the far East to be closed

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Let the President take either horn of the dilemma, and his policy of what he himself has called "criminal aggression" fails. Let him open the door to the world, and he antagonizes American labor Let him consider the Philippines part of the United States, and therefore entitled, under the Constitution, to free trade with, as part of, the United States, and the door at once is closed, except through the high tariff, to all other nations; and he antagonizes the whole of Europe, and has war upon his hands to a certainty,—this time no weak Spain to deal with, but the overwhelming naval power of Europe.

We are correctly told by the Secretary of State that the "open door" does not mean free trade; that the Philippines will have their tariff, and that all products entering the ports will be required to pay the same duties, whether these be products of American soil or labor, or of the low priced labor of Europe, India, Australia or the Argentine; but the Secretary of State is also reported to have said that this places all nations upon an equality. Here he has made a pardonable mistake, since he has had no experience of commerce.

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The manufacturer of Germany, France or Britain, the farmer of Australia and of the Baltic provinces, of Russia and of the Argentine, reach the Philippines at about one-half the freight-cost that the American farmer has to pay upon his products, or the American manufacturer upon manufactured articles. The distance to Manila from the Atlantic seaboard is, say, 14,000 miles (via Cape); from Europe only, say, 9000; 12,000 from New York (via Europe, which is the shortest way); from Australia only about one-half the distance of that from San Francisco,—say 3500 miles, against 7000; from India only 4000, and from Argentine not much farther than from San Francisco

Therefore, when President McKinley agreed that the products of Europe and the agricultural products of Australia and Argentine and India should reach the Philippines, and pay only the same tariff as products of the soil and the mines of his own country, he closed the door upon American commercial expansion in the Philippines

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It is interesting to consider whether the President, or the Secretary of State, or any member of his Cabinet knew that landing American products, either of the farm or of the mine, in Manila, upon equal terms with the agricultural products of Australia, India, Argentine, or of the manufacturers of Europe, simply meant that American grain, flour, provisions, American cotton and woolen goods, American iron and steel, were at so serious a disadvantage, owing to the greater distance, that they were practically excluded from the new possessions for which the American people are to pay. My answer is, that I do not believe that one of them ever thought of this fatal fact of distance.

America stands in regard to the trade of the Philippines exactly as she stood when they were under the dominion of Spain, except that trade with Spain was favored She was then on an equality with other foreign nations, but what has the Republic now to shoulder, by this hasty act of the President, which she had not before?

First—She pays $20,000,000 for the privilege of getting what she would better have paid a thousand millions to be without.

Second—The President is to ask Congress for an addition to the Army, one and one half times bigger than the entire Army that was necessary before he left the path of the fathers, and plunged the Ship of State into this sea of troubles

Third—The President is to ask Congress for a tremendous addition to our Navy, which will cost the United States more than $20,000,000 every year. The increased Army will cost the country probably as much

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The President will get his ships of war, but he will not get his regular soldiers. The work which he wishes them to do is not that which the regular soldier of the United States has hitherto agreed to do The regular soldier will have to leave his country to oppress the aspiration of people who are striving for independence

Perhaps the President of the United States will order the American soldier to shoot down men whose only crime is that they fight for the independence of their country, which the American has been brought up to believe and to prize worthy of all sacrifice. Recruits cannot be had for the regular Army even to-day. The pay of the Army must be raised. It is safe to say that the additional burdens which the President must finally place upon the American people will not amount to less than $100,000,000 per annum, and all of this will be required because the country will have to maintain an Army and Navy equal to those of European powers, in order to defend worthless foreign possessions from which no benefit can now be reaped, American products having been effectually excluded from them

I have shown that, so far as the Philippines are concerned, the President has placed the

ANDREW CARNEGIE

United States at a fatal disadvantage compared with our foreign rivals. Can American products of the farm, or the mine, reach the Philippines at anything approaching the cost of transportation of the agricultural products of Australia, Argentine or Russia, or the manufactures of Great Britain, Germany or France, having thousands of miles farther to go to reach the Islands?

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If yes, then the American is not disadvantaged, but he has even then no advantage of all his extra taxes. He had the "open door" before, except, as I have said, in competition with Spain. If not, then the President has handicapped the agricultural and manufacturing interests of his country, and given to the foreigner the trade of the Philippines.

It has been said that the Philippines will be to the United States what India is to England This is what I believe they will be, but do people really know what India is to England? I have been in India,—have met the Indians who speak English. They have spoken to me freely,

because I was an American What does education make of Indians? Incipient rebels! They have taken to heart Washington and our struggle for independence; they speak most of Cromwell and of Bolivar, of Wallace and of Tell

England in India stands to-day upon a volcano. She has to keep 60,000 British troops there to hold the people in subjection. She does not trust one gun in the hands of the native troops. They can have muskets, but the artillery is all held by the British regiments. England has been in India for nearly 200 years,—this is the condition she is in to-day. Of all the perils of England, that of India is the greatest

There is scarcely a statesman of Britain who does not wish privately: "Would that we were safely out of India!" More than one of them has said as much to me What does India do for England? Ask the desolate homes that I have known in Britain. The late war against the Afridis plunged many thousands of homes in England into mourning. The greatest weakness that England possesses to-day is India Were it not for India she would not fear Russia

India is the curse of Britain, and the Philippines will be the curse of the United States. If you teach suppressed people at all, you make them rebels Education is fatal to the government of a superior race The Declaration of Independence will make every ambitious Filipino a thoroughly dissatisfied subject

Only those who know something of the national affairs of Europe can realize the dangers into which the United States may be suddenly plunged unawares Her entrance upon the stage in the far East will not be welcome to any but Britain, and that very properly, for British purposes only.

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Mr. Stead, the well-known publicist, has just made the tour of European capitals, and reports, what I found there,—that the United States' entrance upon territory in the far East is everywhere regarded with aversion, outside of England. "Outside of England," says Mr. Stead, "I have not met a single non-American who was not opposed."

It is no secret that, as the Saturday Review says, "The United States gets its territory in the East by the assistance of the moral power of Britain."

Only Britain's holding back the other Powers gave us the Philippines. This let me put on record as my belief, that should the United States assume control of the Philippines, she will have cause to ponder well over what the London Times tells us as follows.

"If the Philippines are to be effectively occupied, a large naval and transport power will be necessary. The United States must show themselves ready to repel any attempt on the part of other Powers to attack a position which, for some time, can hardly be regarded secure."

It will not be sufficient that we have ships equal to any of the Powers to insure perfect safety on the islands. Something more will be necessary, for European nations combine, and change combination, with alarming rapidity.

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Europe is an armed camp, with nine millions of trained soldiers, two millions of these in the regular Army; while the United States is a hive of peaceful industry, with only 50,000 regular soldiers. The war ships of Europe number over 1500,—those of the United States only eighty-one.

Obviously, we have not yet prepared ourselves to defend distant possessions against these forces, even singly, much less if they are allied. If our territories are attacked, we are powerless Of course we can prepare ourselves,—no question about the Americans' ability to equal even Britain, or to excel her, upon the sea, or upon land, either. But the fact remains, we have yet to do this; and, until we do, it is madness to incur the responsibilities of territory in the far East.

One point should always be remembered,—it is not actual war which brings most loss to business or to the poor laboring masses War is destructive, but short, and comes but seldom. It is the unceasing alarms of war which work most injury, causing capital to shrink from enterprise, frightening the whole financial, commercial and manufacturing world, and throwing upon the workingmen at last the chief burden of want and suffering, through loss of employment. Less from actual war than from the constant threat of war to which Europe is exposed come the distress of the laboring people.

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The entrance of the United States into this zone of constant dread of war is even more to be feared than the danger of actual war itself, except so far as the latter involves direct sacrifice of human life. On the other hand, lack of steady employment through seasons of panic caused by alarm of war also claims its victims, sometimes in the course of years even exceeding in number those who fall in battle. There can be no genuine prosperity in a country which is kept in constant apprehension of war.

War between European Powers is almost sure to break out in the East sooner or later, for it is in view of the coming struggle that every gun-plant, armor-plant and shipyard is busy in Europe, night and day, Sundays and Saturdays, preparing engines of war The United States will then have to look out for alliances. We must combine

It is all very well to say that Britain will be our ally,—perhaps, perhaps,—but perhaps not. It depends. Here is what the Saturday Review says: "Let us be frank, and say outright, that we expect mutual gain in

EDITOR'S NOTE—In next week's issue the POST will present the other side of this question in a speech recently delivered by Henry Watterson, showing the advantages of expansion

THE BEST POEMS IN THE WORLD

Number LXX

THE CANE-BOTTOMED CHAIR

By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

Drawing by ANNE ABERCROMBIE MHOON

IN TATTERED old slippers that toast at the bars,
And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,
Away from the world and its toils and its cares,
I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.

To mount to this realm is a toil, to be sure,
But the fire there is bright and the air rather pure;
And the view I behold on a sunshiny day
Is grand through the chimney-pots over the way.

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This snug little chamber is crammed in all nooks
With worthless old nicknacks and silly old books,
And foolish old odds and foolish old ends,
Cracked bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from friends.

Old armor, prints, pictures, pipes, china (all cracked),
Old rickety tables and chairs broken-backed;
A two-penny treasury wondrous to see;
What matter? 'tis pleasant to you, friend, and me.

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No better divan need the Sultan require
Than the creaking old sofa that basks by the fire;
And 'tis wonderful, surely, what music you get
From the rickety, ramshackle, wheezy spinet.

That praying-rug came from a Turcoman's camp;
By Tiber once twinkled that brazen old lamp;
A Mameluke fierce yonder dagger has drawn,
'Tis a murderous knife to toast muffins upon.

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Long, long through the hours and the night and the chimes,
Here we talk of old books and old friends and old times;
As we sit in a fog made of rich Latakie,
This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

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But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest,
There's one that I love and I cherish the best;
For the finest of couches that's padded with hair
I never would change thee, my cane-bottomed chair.

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'Tis a bandy-legged, high-shouldered, worm-eaten seat,
With a creaking old back and twisted old feet;
But since that fair morning when Fanny sat there,
I bless thee and love thee, old cane-bottomed chair.

If chairs have but feeling, in holding such charms,
A thrill must have passed through your withered old arms!
I looked, and I longed, and I wished in despair,—
I wished myself turned to a cane-bottomed chair.

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It was but a moment she sat in this place,
She'd a scarf on her neck, and a smile on her face!
A smile on her face, and a rose in her hair,
And she sat there and bloomed in my cane-bottomed chair.

And so I have valued my chair ever since,
Like the shrine of a saint, or the throne of a Prince;
Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet I declare,
The Queen of my heart and my cane-bottomed chair.

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When the candles burn low and the company's gone,
In the silence of night as I sit here alone,—
I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair,—
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottomed chair.

She comes from the past and revisits my room;
She looks as she then did, all beauty and bloom;
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair,
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottomed chair.

IT WAS BUT A MOMENT SHE SAT IN THIS PLACE

EDITOR'S NOTE—During the year 1899 the POST will continue its department of the World's Best Poems. As heretofore, these poems will be selected because they touch the heart, and are filled with human interest. This series will be admirably illustrated by the leading illustrators of the day. The aim of the POST is to give its readers not the best from the standpoint of the ultra-literary man, but such poems as appeal to all that is best in human nature, such poems, in short, as one cuts from a newspaper or periodical and carries in the pocketbook until they are worn through at the creases. Where space permits a sketch of the poet's life will be given with the story of what inspired the poem.

material interests in this *rapprochement*. The Americans are making their bargain under the protecting naval strength of England."

Surely nothing could be plainer than this. No American statesman should risk his country's safety upon any assumption of alliance or aid from British or any other Power, nor depend upon other than our own strong right arm,—which is very weak, indeed, to-day, but must be made strong if we become an Eastern Power and wish to protect ourselves.

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It is well for the United States to appreciate its unrivaled position as long as she remains solid, compact, and without far-distant possessions liable to attack which she would consider herself in honor bound to repel. To-day, suppose all the naval powers combined against her, how trifling the injury they could inflict. Only the fringe of our country would feel it; the ports upon the sea. The nation as a whole would be untouched. Even the ports and the harbors are easily rendered impregnable by mines and torpedoes, and, in extreme cases, by closing the channels. The recent war has shown that naval attack upon fortifications is not effective.

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We should have no exports for a time, but the annual domestic exchange of the people is not estimated by any one at less than fifty thousand millions of dollars; those of exports and imports have never yet reached quite two thousand millions,—only about four per cent. of the domestic. The annual increase of domestic exchanges is estimated to be just about equal to the total of all our foreign trade, imports and exports combined. No great and general suffering could ensue from their stoppage for a time during war. Some labor would be displaced, but the greater call for volunteers for garrison duty and to supply the abnormal demands always caused by war would require more labor. The number of volunteers taken from the ranks of labor at present causes a scarcity of men, especially throughout the Northwestern States.

The national wealth would not increase so rapidly during the blockade. This is all. No one need suffer for food or clothing or shelter, for all these would be plentifully supplied. No lives would be lost. Through Mexican or Canadian ports, even, every luxury would come to us. Upon our enemies would fall the ruinous expense of naval operations far from their base, and of waste of life. The loss of food products would cause famine and general distress in Europe. In Britain so serious would this become that, if not a party to the attack, her condition would soon compel her to interfere and end the war.

No glory could come to our assailants; only monotonous waiting, exhausting their powers of mischief, and compelling them to make peace upon our own terms.

Such is our position so long as we remain compact, absorbing only coterminous territory, upon which Americans will grow. Russia is in precisely the same condition, strategically considered, and none but she and ourselves can be impregnable.

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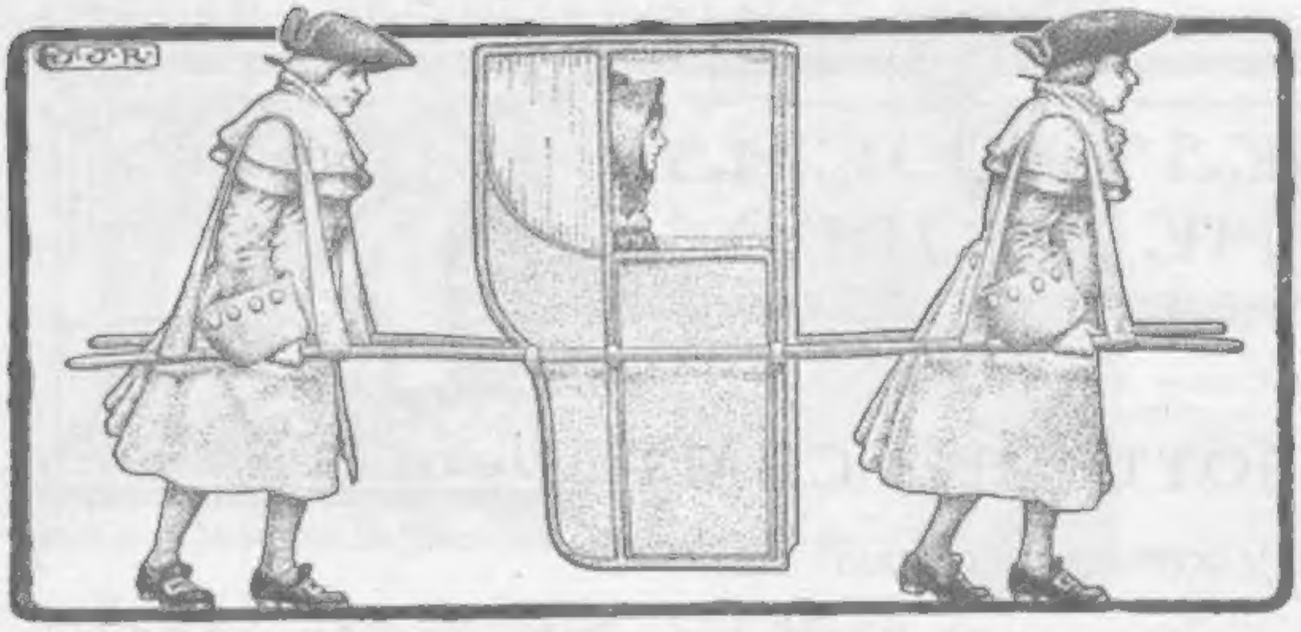
Such is the old policy, and such the new. The one keeps the Republic the most peaceful, most prosperous, most happy, most highly civilized of all the nations, devoting less and less of her energies to the destructive engines of war, and more and more to the education of her people.

One path,—safety, peace, prosperity, civilization, Republicanism; the other,—dangers, taxation, sacrifice of life, wars, militarism, imperialism. Can there be any serious doubt as to the choice of the American people?



MEN & WOMEN of THE HOUR

Close-Range Studies of People as They Pass

Commodore Philip's Characteristic Firmness

An intimate friend of Commodore John W. Philip tells the following anecdote of the gallant naval officer. Though Commodore Philip's religious side has been much emphasized and commented on of late, he is a determined man, and will brook no opposition.

Once when he was in charge of the Pacific Mail steamer China, he carried two passengers of foreign nationality who persisted in smoking in their staterooms during the hours when smoking was prohibited. Philip, then Captain, called their attention to the fact, but, instead of heeding his warning, one answered him impudently.

Nothing further was said at the time, but the next morning the offensive passenger was handcuffed to the upper deck for three hours, and for the remainder of the trip that particular person seemed to have lost all desire to indulge his craving for a smoke.

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William C. Whitney's Success

The name of William C. Whitney is almost a synonym for success. He has never been identified with a business failure, and whatever he touches proves a remarkable success.

After his brilliant term as Secretary of the Navy, in President Cleveland's first administration, and after his able manipulation of the Democratic Convention of 1892, which resulted in the renomination of Grover Cleveland, Mr. Whitney left the field of politics. With the exception of a brave effort to save his party from repudiating "sound money" principles, Mr. Whitney has devoted himself strictly to his business interests.

WILLIAM C. WHITNEY

At present he is trying to solve New York's street railway problem, and he has gone about the matter in a way which is bound to result in success. He has placed his faith in electricity, and the entire metropolitan railway system is to be equipped with the underground trolley. Although he is the master mind, his hand does not appear in the carrying out of the plans. He is not even one of the Board of Directors of this corporation, but his wishes somehow find expression in acts.

In personal appearance Mr. Whitney is distinguished; he is very tall, and carries himself erect. Although fifty-seven years old, he looks scarcely more than thirty-five. But he was graduated from Yale in 1863, and from Harvard Law School in 1865. In 1888 Yale conferred the degree of LL.D. on him. His tastes are highly cultivated, and his disposition genial. His devotion to his wife, who is now an invalid, is most affectionate, and his home life supremely happy.

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How General Chaffee Made a Hero

The story is told that, in the trenches at El Caney, a youth of eighteen was so badly frightened under fire that he fell flat on his face. General Chaffee happened along, and, seeing him lying down, called to him: "Well, you're a fine soldier." When he saw how young the fellow was, his face softened as he said:

"It isn't so much your fault, my boy; it's the fellow's who took you into the Army. But there isn't so much danger as you think for. Get up, and take your gun and fight; I'll stand here by you."

The poor boy got on his feet, trembling like a leaf, and fired his first shot pretty nearly straight in the air. "Keep cool, and try again," whispered Chaffee. In a few minutes, the boy who had been paralyzed with fear was fighting like a veteran, and instead of firing wildly into the air was coolly and carefully aiming every shot.

"You're all right now, my boy," said General Chaffee, as he moved away.

"Thank you, General; you've saved me from worse than death," replied the boy.

When the order came for the troops to retire from the trench, that boy, whom Chaffee found a coward and left a hero, was one of the last to stop fighting, in spite of the fact that a Spanish bullet had made an ugly hole in his shoulder.

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Why Gatling Invented His Gun

Dr. Richard Jordan Gatling, inventor of the multi-charge gun that bears his name, declares that he was prompted to invent the gun by the most humane motives. He was living in Indianapolis, in 1862, and was much impressed by the large number of soldiers' bodies that were being sent home from battle-fields.

"I began to make inquiries, and soon learned that a comparatively few of these soldiers were killed by bullets,—scarcely one in four,—and the rest died in hospitals from disease, or in camp from exposure. Then it occurred to me that there were too many men employed in the service.

"I thought if something could be invented whereby one of these men could do the work of a hundred, why, then, the other ninety-nine might stay at home. Then there would be a great many more lives saved, and less widows and orphans in proportion.

"I had invented quite a number of things, and I put my mind at work to invent a rapid-firing gun."

This gun is still his pet and hobby, and he refers to it as having done more for humanity than it has done in the way of destruction.

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Speaker Reed as Sailor and Lawyer

It is not generally known that Speaker Reed was at one time in the American Navy. When, in 1860, he returned to his home in Portland, after having been graduated from Bowdoin with honors, he tried his hand at law. But he soon afterward secured an appointment as Acting Assistant Paymaster in the Navy. Reed served on the Sybil, which patrolled the Tennessee, Cumberland and Mississippi rivers. Her service was uneventful, and in 1865 Reed returned to Portland to practice law.

As a young lawyer he displayed the same qualities of ability and aggressiveness which have been a conspicuous characteristic of his political life. One of the strongest men at the Portland Bar at the time was A. A. Strout. Before beginning the trial of a suit, it was Strout's habit to inquire of every juror as to the state of his health, and impress each with the idea that the lawyer was solicitous of that juror's personal welfare.

THOMAS B. REED

Reed and Strout were constantly antagonizing each other, though they were very good friends. In nearly every case of importance Strout and Reed were on opposite sides. It was annoying, indeed, for the suave Strout to hear Reed drawl out before the opening of a case:

"Well, Your Honor, Brother Strout having finished his morning task of shaking hands with the jury, we may now, I hope, proceed with the business of the Court."

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Most Influential Man in the United States

The American Constitution provides that "all bills for raising revenues shall originate in the House of Representatives." In that body this right is vested in the Committee on Ways and Means. In view of the great and often complex duty thus imposed on this Committee, its chairman, therefore, possesses a far greater financial influence than any other man in the United States.

The chairmanship of this Committee, and the leadership of the dominant party in the House of Representatives, are usually bestowed on a single individual. The first of these offices is a great party prize, and its incumbent must be a man of large public experience.

NELSON A. DINGLEY

Though the raising of money with which to pay the expenses of the Government is the special function of the Committee, its chairman need not be a man of financial affairs. He is generally chosen because of other abilities.

Nelson Dingley, Representative from Maine, Chairman of this Committee in the Fifty-fifth Congress, and "father" of the present Tariff law, had no financial training, but was a journalist for forty years. His fitness for the office was the result of nearly twenty years' hard work in Congress itself.

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Senator Morrill, the Man and Statesman

The career of the late Senator Morrill illustrates to a marked degree the quality of statesmanship which American institutions develop.

He was born in Vermont nearly eighty-nine years ago, and received only a common school education. He made his modest fortune as a country merchant. Yet, in 1854, without seeking a nomination, he was unanimously named for Congress and elected. As Congressman he helped to make the tariff bill which provided the Government with the funds for conducting the Civil War.

For twelve years he sat in the House of Representatives, and gave up that seat for a Senatorial chair. From 1867 until his death he occupied that seat.

He won the distinction of having served in Congress for a greater length of time than any man in the history of the country, and in spite of his humble beginning came to be looked upon as one of the scholars of the Senate. In fact, it has been said that Senator Morrill was one of the most highly cultured and most refined men who ever sat in Congress.

His speeches were always polished in style, and full of literary allusions which attested his wide reading.

On June 16, 1892, Senator Morrill delivered a speech on the silver question which surprised his fellow-members. He spoke with the snap and vigor of a young man, and held the closest attention of the members. He spoke in favor of sound money, and his points were aimed directly at Senator Hill and Senator Stewart. It was one of the great speeches of Morrill's long career.

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Standing there on the floor of the Senate, it seemed that, instead of Senator Morrill, Charles Sumner stood before the members. Not only did his speech have the Sumner ring, but in personal appearance Morrill resembled Sumner, although the Vermont statesman was a little taller and not quite so portly as Sumner.

In January, 1878, Morrill denounced the Bland Silver Bill, and in a truly great speech warned the Senate of the evils of the bill and of the danger of any such legislation.

Senator Morrill owed his long life and continued health to his methodical habits and temperate living. About the only form of social festivity in which he took part was his birthday party. But even that was no gorgeous function,—it was simple and charming. It was just an old-fashioned reception, at which he welcomed all his colleagues, members of the Cabinet, of the Supreme Court and, of late years, the President.

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Told About Noted People

Kipling's Opinion of Cecil Rhodes.—At a dinner party in London, Rudyard Kipling was asked if Cecil Rhodes was married. "Yes," he replied, "to tens of thousands of square miles of British territory. England cannot afford to let a man like that marry in any other way!"

Kipling and Mark Twain obviously do not agree in regard to Rhodes. "When Rhodes' time comes," said Mark Twain, "I hope to get a piece of the rope!"

Riley's Handicap.—James Whitcomb Riley thinks the lot of a poet a hard one. In a recent interview he said: "If you're called as witness in a lawsuit, some little attorney squares himself off, and says with withering scorn: 'Let me see, you're a poet, are you not? H'm, yes. Gentlemen of the jury, the witness is a poet,'—and your testimony is killed dead as a door nail."

Peck's Coolheadedness.—It is said that Ferdinand W. Peck, our Commissioner to the Paris Exposition, is not a man to be disturbed at trifles. During his recent sojourn in Paris an excited bellboy woke him one night by crying that the hotel was ablaze.

"How near is the fire?" asked Mr. Peck.

"In this corridor, monsieur, at No. 15."

"Well, boy, this room's No. 40," said the American calmly; "you may call me again when the fire gets to No. 38."

Senator Mason's Reward.—A wealthy pork-packer of Chicago, who was in Washington when Senator Mason, of Illinois, introduced a resolution looking to retaliatory legislation for the inspection of German food products, met that plump statesman in the marble room soon after. "Senator," he declared, patting the beaming Mason on the back, "you're doing well; we are all betting on you. Yes, sir; I give my word that if you get that resolution through, we'll—we'll—we'll name a new ham after you!"

Frederic Remington's Bad Break.—While Frederic Remington was in the West he observed a well-executed portrait on the wall of a dark room in a cabin, and asked whose picture it was.

"That's my husband," said the woman of the house, carelessly. "But it is hung with fatal effect," urged the artist. "So was my husband," snapped the woman.

When Bliss Was a Boy.—It is said that when Cornelius Bliss, who recently retired from the position of Secretary of the Interior, was a small schoolboy, his teacher asked him if Jerusalem was a common or proper noun. "Neither," replied the little pupil, without hesitation; "it is an interjection!"

Hale's Rules of Life.—In his address to the Harvard students recently Dr. Edward Everett Hale laid down these three rules, which he said had been the greatest help to him in life:

Be in the open air all you can.
Every day hold converse with a superior.
Rub against the rank and file daily.

When the Kaiser Remembered.—The Kaiser has a remarkable memory for services rendered him. Years ago a young man, a native of Alsace, when serving in the German Navy, saved the Emperor, who stumbled on a narrow staircase, from a severe fall.

His Majesty took down the sailor's name at the time. Young Bastia, after leaving the Navy, returned to his father's farm, and thought no more of the affair. Not long ago he received a telegram from the Court of Berlin offering him a good post in the Emperor's household in return for his timely services to his monarch.

Measuring His Religion

"I WAS away upon the head waters of the Big Sandy, recently," said a traveling salesman, in the Washington Star, "and I discovered something new, even in that land of yesterdays and eventlessness. I was riding along a creek valley where I was told lived a mountain preacher who had a practical idea of what religion should do for those who experienced it, and had adopted odd ways of putting his ideas into practice.

"As I reached a rise in the road, I saw at the bottom a young man driving a pig into a potato patch, and before I could reach him he had followed the pig through the narrow gate, and was trying to drive it out again. It struck me as a peculiar proceeding, and when I came opposite the gate I pulled my horse and sat watching the young fellow and the pig.

"If you never tried to get a pig out of a potato patch, you can form no idea of what a job it is, and as I watched this young mountaineer patiently chasing the pig hither and yon, getting it well headed toward the gate only to have it double on him and go back into the patch again, time after time, I began to wonder what manner of youth this was that had come into the mountains.

"Finally he brought it over very carefully, and as he got it almost out it gave a sudden grunt and dodge, and into the patch it went again.

"'Gosh durn the hog,' he said, puffing and blowing, and mopping his face with his shirt sleeve.

"'Why didn't you say that before?' I asked, laughing.

"'Excuse me, stranger,' he said, noticing me for the first time, 'I didn't see you was thar,' and he blushed violently, and seemed to be greatly confused.

"'Well, I reckon I done the best I knowed,' he continued.

"'How do you mean?' I inquired, catching an idea of the situation all at once.

"'You don't know it, I reckon, bein' a stranger in these parts,' he said, 'but Elder Martin set me to doin' that to see if I was ripe for religion yet. I've had a notion for about a year past that I ought to be jinin' the church, and I told Elder Martin, and he said as how he had his doubts yet if I was ripe, and he said if I'd drive one of Sam Yates' razorbacks outen pap's tater patch without cussin' I was ripe, and that's what I've been a-doin'.'

"'Judging by what I heard you say a while ago, I should say you were not ripe,' I said, laughing at his explanation and manner of making it.

"'Oh,' he exclaimed, in an explanatory tone, 'that ain't no sign; I'm jus' practicin'. The real thing don't come on tell next week, Sunday, at quarterly meetin'.'"

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Europe in Cartoon

THE map of Europe given below is a cartoon drawn years ago by a foreign artist. But in spite of its age it well represents the state of affairs in Europe as it exists to-day.

England, the old lady and her troublesome little Irish setter seem to be greatly annoyed by the winds which blow across the English Channel and the North Sea.

Spain is reclining in careless indolence, and is practically undisturbed by the loss of a few rebellious colonies across the seas.

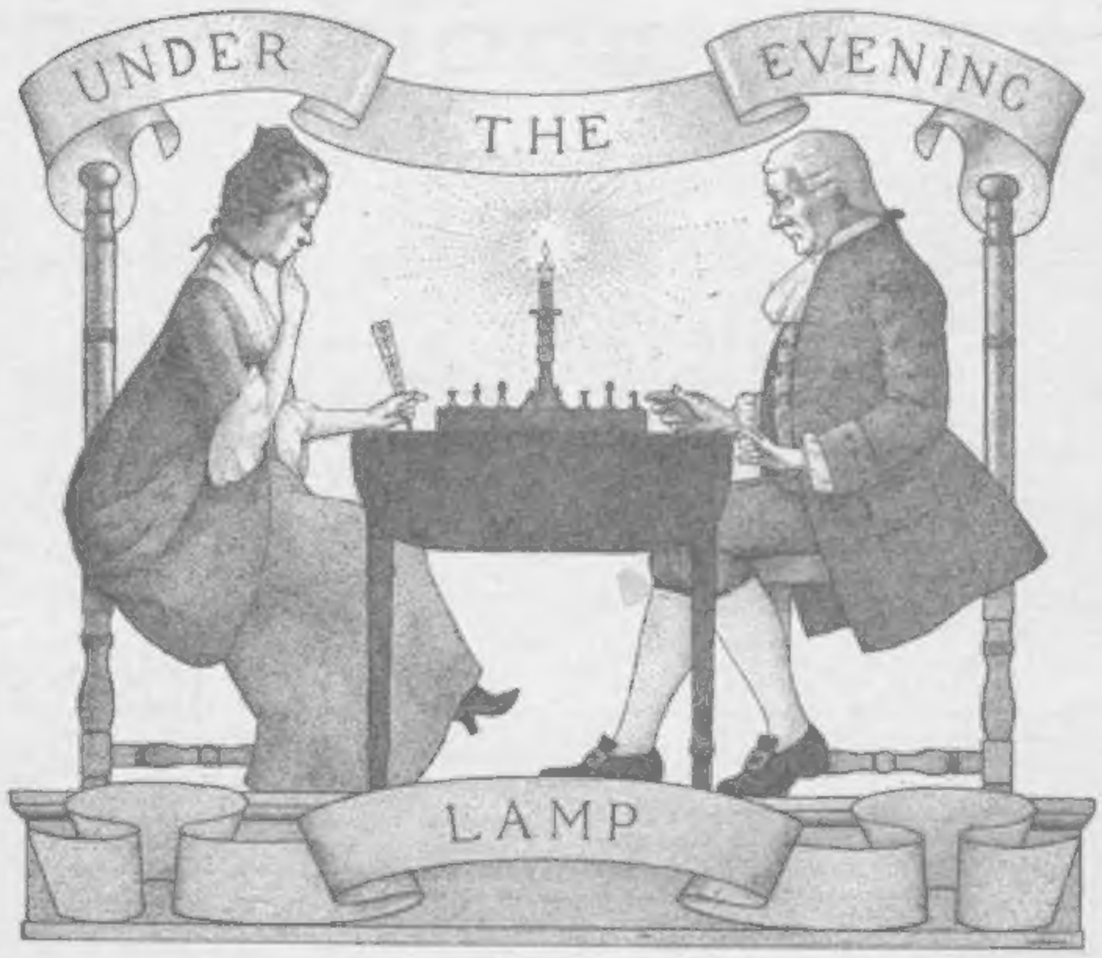
Russia is the ogre of Europe and Asia, and its vast bulk is daily increasing from the concessions in China, on which it is feeding.

France has drawn the sword, and seems waiting impatiently for an opportunity to

bury it in Prussia, who stands crushed under the weight of his great helmet. At the time the map was drawn Germany and Prussia were separate, and Germany is represented with his characteristic air of superiority, with a conscious bearing of infallibility, which needs only the head of the Kaiser to make the picture a lifelike portrait.

Under the knee of Prussia, Austria is pinned down and is fast being crowded out of Europe, while Turkey's strained position is far from comfortable. Turkey in Asia, secure in her own luxurious ease, pays little attention to the hurly-burly which is going on over her head.

Italy seems to float through the air. On the external indifferent, but with a bad case of indigestion and internal uneasiness.



Times and customs change, but the characteristics which mark each nationality in the Old World are ever the same. One hundred years hence this cartoon would still be as applicable as now or as when it was drawn. Some nations will increase their size, and others disappear entirely, but such as shall endure cannot change their character.

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A Boy's Essay on Hornets

A HORNET is the smartest bug that flies anywhere. He comes when he pleases, and goes when he gets ready. One way a hornet shows his smartness is by attending to his own business, and making everybody who interferes with him wish they had done the same thing.

When a hornet stings a feller he knows it, and never stops talking about it as long as his friends will listen to him. One day a hornet stung my pa (my pa is a preacher) on the nose, and he did not do any pastoral visiting for a month without talking about that hornet.

Another way a hornet shows his smartness is by not procrastinating. If he has any business with you he will attend to it at once, and then leaves you to think it over to yourself. He don't do like the mosquito, who comes fooling around for half an hour singing, "Cousin, cousin," and then when he has tiled you all he can, dash away yelling, "No kin." A hornet never bleeds you; but if he sticks you, you will go off on a swell.

I don't know anything more about hornets, only that Josh Billings says: "A hornet is an inflamible (Josh was a poor speller) buzzer, sudden in his impreshuns, and rather hasty in his conclusions, or end."

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In the Sultan's Throne Room

THE throne room in the Sultan's palace at Constantinople is a most gorgeously furnished apartment. The gilding is unequaled by any other building in Europe, and from the ceiling hangs a superb Venetian chandelier, the two hundred lights of which make a gleam like that of a veritable sun.

At each of the four corners of the room tall candelabra in baccarat glass are placed, and the throne is a huge seat covered with red velvet, with arms and back of pure gold.

And yet in the midst of all this splendor the Sultan, whom one would suppose to be among the most favored and happiest of mortals, is, in reality, a most pitiable object. He fears machinations, and sleeps in what is practically a great safe. Every precaution is taken to guard his person, and he lives in constant dread of being assassinated.

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Five Miles Above the Earth

A MOST interesting balloon ascent was made, in September last, by Mr. Stanley Spencer and Doctor Berson, when they succeeded in reaching an altitude of 27,500 feet, or nearly five and one-fifth miles above the surface of the earth.

When released, the balloon shot upward at a great rate, and the two men quickly found themselves at an altitude of two miles above the earth. At that height they could plainly hear the barking of a dog.

Up went the balloon, and the air became colder and rarer. At a height of three miles the thermometer registered seventeen. At four miles the temperature was two degrees below zero.

They could see the English Channel, and towns on the English and French coasts, with great distinctness with the naked eye.

Up to 25,000 feet there was no difficulty in breathing, but above that height dizziness was felt and suffocation seemed to be near, and they were obliged to put the tubes of the oxygen inhalers into their mouths. Then they felt so buoyant that they could have gone anywhere. At 27,000 feet Mr. Spencer tried to breathe without the oxygen, but in fifteen seconds he was on the verge of a swoon.

At such an altitude they were miles above the flight of the highest birds. The few thin cirrus clouds which they had sighted at a height of four miles were now below them, and there was nothing above and around them but an immense expanse of the deepest indigo blue, and a setting sun that was so positively dazzling in its unnatural brilliancy that they could not look at it.

They now felt the effects of the terrible cold; their beards were crusted with frost; their faces were pale and bloodless. At 27,500 feet the temperature was twenty-nine degrees below zero. If they hoped to bring the balloon safely to earth it was now time to start on the return journey.

The descent was begun. In order to avoid the sea, Mr. Spencer pulled the valve, which so accelerated the descent that it was necessary to discharge ballast.

Two bags of ballast were thrown out to steady the descent. When they had dropped another mile and had reached a denser layer of air, so that the rate of descent was decreased, the sand thus thrown out came pattering on the balloon. It had just caught up with them.

They reached the earth in safety, after an aerial trip lasting one hour and fifty minutes.

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The Valet Who Became a Prince

THERE are few, if any, stories more remarkable than that told of Camillo Ventura, who a few years ago was a domestic servant, and is now the Prince of Caroviquo at the age of thirty-one.

Camillo is the son of a Trieste porter, and was born in the lowest stratum of Italian life. At an early age he went into domestic service, and, gifted with a handsome exterior and engaging manners, rose to be the valet of Count Kufstein.

The Count's wife, by birth a Princess Odescalchi, and a member of the highest Roman aristocracy, smitten by the charms of the handsome valet, fell in love with him.

In a weak moment she made over to him about $800,000, the bulk of her private fortune; and, having secured her money, the ambitious valet turned his back on the Princess and sought new fields to conquer.

His ambition was to secure a title, and he found the task an easy one. A destitute Italian Prince, the Prince of Caroviquo, was induced to adopt him as his son for $8000 in cash and a pension of ten dollars a week.

Thus the porter's son, at the age of a little over thirty, had blossomed into a Prince, and a recognized member of one of the noblest of Italian families.

Here his good fortune seems to have deserted him for a time. By wholesale bribery he has been elected a member of the Chamber of Deputies no fewer than five times, and as many times the Chamber has refused to admit him.

What the future of this adventurous young man may be can scarcely be conjectured; but it is to be expected that a man who was a valet in the twenties and a Prince in the thirties will reach a high station.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

With a Word or Two of Comment

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Allow me to contribute something on the Adam and Eve apple question; 8,132,352 is not the full number of apples eaten.

Eve ate one for to see how it tasted,.....	8,142
And as for Adam, one ate he, too, for too tender a husband was he to eat alone.....	18,024,210
	18,032,352

Philadelphia. GERARD.

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Some time ago your paper contained a very ingenious calculation as to how many apples Adam and Eve ate in the garden. According to that table the complete number was 8,132,352. I think the full number was 4,180,249,165.

Eve ate one for to see how it tasted.....	8,142
Adam was not to blame for one ate he too, for ten to one she made him eat it.....	4,180,241,021
	4,180,249,163

Chicago. J. M. B.

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Your editorial on The Confessions of a Vocabulary has excited a great deal of discussion and interest in our family, and has proved an intellectual treat in more ways than one.

We have evolved from it a delightful game we call "Vocabularic Confessions," which was played with success and enthusiasm by a party of ten bright men and women. Each player wrote on a slip of paper a question such as "How would you discover from his vocabulary that a certain man was an invalid?" "How would a dual life be revealed in a vocabulary?" "How would a woman's happiness be revealed in her vocabulary?" "How would the most ambitious year of a man's life be discovered?" The questions were then placed in a hat and each player took one, of course putting back his question and taking another if he inadvertently drew his own. In succession the players would read their questions and seek to answer them. The umpire awarded to each answer a certain mark on a basis of "10" for the best answer. If a player failed, the next person took it up in addition to his own question. Each player had the privilege of adding to the testimony given to any other player's question when that player had finished. This ingenuity in "continuation" was suitably rewarded in "marks." Later we introduced the time element, giving only three minutes to each player. The mental quickening power of the game was remarkable.

One question that was not satisfactorily answered was, "What could you discover from the vocabulary of a man who was extremely reticent, and therefore gave you but few words?" Will the Editor of the Post help us out on this question?

Cleveland, Ohio. STUDENTIA.

[Studentia deserves the thanks of the Post for her ingenious application of an editorial suggestion. The reticent man makes a most interesting test of this "character reading by words." What one loses in extensiveness in his confession, one gains in intensiveness; the chaff of daily life is thus eliminated, and one can get down to the essentials. Every word he does speak counts for more. His vocabulary will naturally prove to be more elaborate in one line than another; this will be the starting point of revelation. If his vocabulary is devoted to money and money-making, and, though he has wife and family, there is little said at home, and that little is churlish, we begin to understand him. If at marriage his words were few and hard, later becoming increased in number and more sympathetic in character, we begin to see a cold nature softened under the melting influence of a woman's love. The subject is so large and our space so small that but this mere suggestion can be given.—The Editor.]

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

How would you discover that a given individual was blind by examining the words of his vocabulary? I have puzzled over this in vain.

Denver, Colorado. F. D. LOSS.

[Surely our correspondent is not serious in thinking this question is difficult. The absence of, or the very slight use of, words of color would be in itself significant, even though "blind," "institution," "sightless" did not appear. The superabundance of words of form and shape and of sound would show that the mind had been forced to rely on the senses of touch and hearing for impressions of outward things. The careful student of language and psychology, keenly analytic, could pick out the vocabulary of a blind man among a thousand different vocabularies.—The Editor.]

NEWS FROM BOOK-LAND

The Cuban and Porto Rican Campaign, by Richard Harding Davis.—The dogs of war are tied up tight again, and now the men who rode after them are telling the story of the chase. Already more has been written of the three or four engagements of the Spanish-American War than of all Napoleón's battles, but, apparently, its historians have only just made a beginning. From private soldier to General, every one in the Army who can write a little, and some that can write not at all, are setting down their sensations and their impressions; and in the Navy the officers are working overtime pounding out magazine articles and grinding out books. Then there are the correspondents to be reckoned with.

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In the van of these comes Mr. Davis. His book cannot, of course, be classed as a history of the war, nor does it purport to be. It is simply an entertaining account of what the author saw during some weeks spent on a hotel piazza and in the field in Cuba and Porto Rico. For ten days he watched the blockade from the deck of the flagship New York, and later he sailed with Shafter's expedition for Santiago.

His account of the operations around Santiago, the substance of which has already been given in Scribner's, is graphic, and any one who would like to hear something to General Shafter's disadvantage will find it recorded here with most engaging frankness. The book is illustrated with photographs, among which Mr. Davis' admirers will be pleased to note several excellent likenesses of him, taken with other celebrities of the War. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

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South America, by Hezekiah Butterworth.—Mr. Butterworth, realizing that a history need not necessarily be a dry catalogue of facts and statistics, has set himself the task of writing a popular story of the struggles of our sister republics for freedom.

The subject is one with which we North Americans, most of us, are decidedly unfamiliar, but the author has here given us, from his own personal observation and research, too, a highly interesting account of the thrilling experiences through which our Latin-American neighbors passed to gain their liberty.

The book is one which would command attention at any time, but coming just now, at the end of Cuba's long fight for liberty, it is peculiarly timely. (Doubleday & McClure Company, New York.)

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English Cathedrals, by Frederick W. Farrar and Others.—As might be expected in a volume bearing this title, the first place is given to Westminster Abbey, and no man is better fitted to write of this ancient sanctuary than is its own Dean Farrar. Touching briefly upon its architectural features (the cathedral was begun in the tenth century), the author passes on to a consideration of its historical and religious associations, its tombs, its statues, and the illustrious ones who are buried within its walls.

English cathedrals always have a certain fascination for American tourists, and more than one well-known American has put in book form his impressions of these venerable monuments of the English Church. But the present volumes have a deeper interest from the fact that the history of each cathedral is written by its own incumbent, and therefore may be accepted as carrying more accuracy of statement than any book by an outsider.

The chapter on St. Paul's, by Canon Newbolt, is specially interesting from the fact that the majestic beauty of that cathedral represents the architectural genius of Sir Christopher Wren.

The beautiful illustrations add materially to the value of the books, and their artistic binding leaves nothing to be desired. (Thomas Whittaker, New York.)

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The Nameless Castle, by Maurus Jókai, translated from the Hungarian by S. E. Boggs.—In fertility of imagination, in reckless prodigality of plot and character, the Hungarian veteran of the pen, Jókai, may best be compared to the elder Dumas. His work has the same rush and dash, the same spontaneity as mark the Frenchman's works, and the promise of a series of translations of his novels by the publishers of this book is therefore to be heartily welcomed.

He is a master who carries his readers whither and as he listeth. Thus, in this story, he gives us in the opening chapters the clue of his intrigue,—of a royalist escape and of Napoleon's spies,—he brings the latter on the trail of the former, hiding in a nameless castle in Hungary, and then proceeds to delay the *dénouement* with a series of pictures that makes us forget for the moment our anxiety to reach the conclusion in the pleasure of the incidents at hand.

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Love triumphs in the end over every selfish consideration, and a chief of robbers,—a Hungarian Robin Hood,—is one of the instruments of destiny. We forget to ask whether the story is possible or even probable; we willingly accept the romantic premises audaciously imposed upon us by the Hungarian wizard, and follow him enthusiastically on his way to the satisfactory ending.

We are told that the popularity of the novel of adventure is on the wane, and many straws point in that direction. But fashion rules not writers such as Dumas, Scott and Stevenson, nor,—for he must be ranked with them,—Maurus Jókai. Once in his hands, we forget likes and dislikes, theories and standards. We merely feel his charm, which gives a healthful impulse to the blood, and teaches us anew the ever potent fascination of the improbable when it is convincingly told. (Published by the Doubleday & McClure Company, New York.)

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The Destroyer, by Benjamin Swift.—This is a belated product of the Yellow Book school, which still languishes in England.

Mr. Swift's Destroyer is Love in some of its aspects, mostly disagreeable, but he has attempted a task that is entirely beyond his powers. The symbolic novel ranks high among the masterpieces of the world, but it must be wrought by a master hand,—which Mr. Swift is not. To eternalize in a small tale the sin and suffering of the world, and its purest beatitudes, is a noble aspiration, but he who undertakes the task needs other equipment than a smattering of pathological psychology and a knowing air.

Mr. Swift started with an idea, a plan of the head to be worked out by the imagination alone, for neither his emotions nor experience could help him. Therefore the result is merely a disagreeable story, which not only has no strength, but not even a normal backbone. Considered as a mere imaginative work, to pass away an idle hour, it lacks interest; it is dull and haltingly constructed. There is no undue harshness in describing it as a pretentious and weakly repulsive failure. (Published by the F. A. Stokes Company, New York.)

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BOOKS JUST FROM THE PRESS

Analytical Geometry: J. H. Tanner and Joseph Allen: American Book Co.; Cloth	$2 00
An Egyptian Coquette: Clive Holland: M. F. Mansfield & Co.; With Portrait; Cloth	1 25
A Puritan Wooing: Frank Hamilton Child: Baker & Taylor Co.; Cloth	1 25
Astronomy: The Sun and His Family: Julia McNair Wright: Penn Publishing Co.; Illustrated; Cloth	50
A Yankee Boy's Success: H. S. Morrison: Frederick A. Stokes Co.; Illustrated; Cloth	1 25
Botany: The Story of Plant Life: Julia MacNair Wright: Penn Publishing Co.; Illustrated; Cloth	50
Cartoons of Our War With Spain: C. H. Nelan: Frederick A. Stokes & Co.; Illustrated; Cloth	2 00
Chafing-Dish Possibilities: Fannie M. Farmer: Little, Brown & Co.; Cloth	1 00
English Wit and Humor: Compiled by W. H. Howe: Geo. W. Jacobs & Co.; With Frontispiece; Cloth	50
Flowers: How To Grow Them: Eben E. Rexford: Penn Publishing Co.; Cloth	50
Fortune's Tangled Skein: Jeanette H. Walworth: Baker & Taylor Co.; Cloth	1 25
In the Shadow of the Hills: Alison McLean: Frederick Warne & Co.; With Frontispiece; Cloth	1 25
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Jefferson Wildrider: Elizabeth Glover: Baker & Taylor Co.; Cloth	1 25
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Mr. DeLacy's Double: Francis Eugene Storke: Continental Publishing Co.; Cloth	1 25
Pauline Wyman: Sophie May: Lee & Shepard; Illustrated; Cloth	1 25
Questions and Answers About the Bible: Rev. Albert Hitchcock: Thomas Whittaker; Cloth	50
Scotch Wit and Humor: Compiled by W. H. Howe: Geo. W. Jacobs & Co.; With Frontispiece	50
Ships and Sailors: A Collection of Songs of the Sea: James Barnes: Frederick A. Stokes Co.; Illus.	5 00
Short Latin Grammar: Albert Harkness, Ph. D., LL. D.: American Book Co.; Cloth	80
Six Young Hunters, or The Adventures of the Greyhound Club: W. Gordon Parker: Lee & Shepard	1 25
The Gentle Art of Pleasing: Elizabeth Glover: Baker & Taylor Co.; Cloth	1 00
The Hidden Mine: Joseph Altsheler: Continental Publishing Co.; Cloth	1 00
The Sambo Book: Isaac Coale, Jr.: Williams & Wilkins Co.; Illustrated; Cloth	1 00
The Sea of Love: Walter Phelps Dodge: M. F. Mansfield Co.; Cloth	75
The Widow O'Callaghan's Boys: Gulielma Tollinger: A. C. McClurg & Co.; Illustrated; Cloth	1 25
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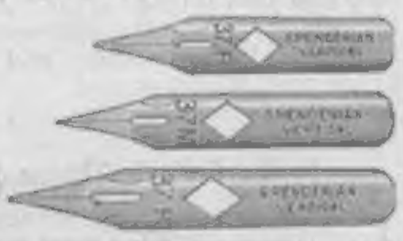

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